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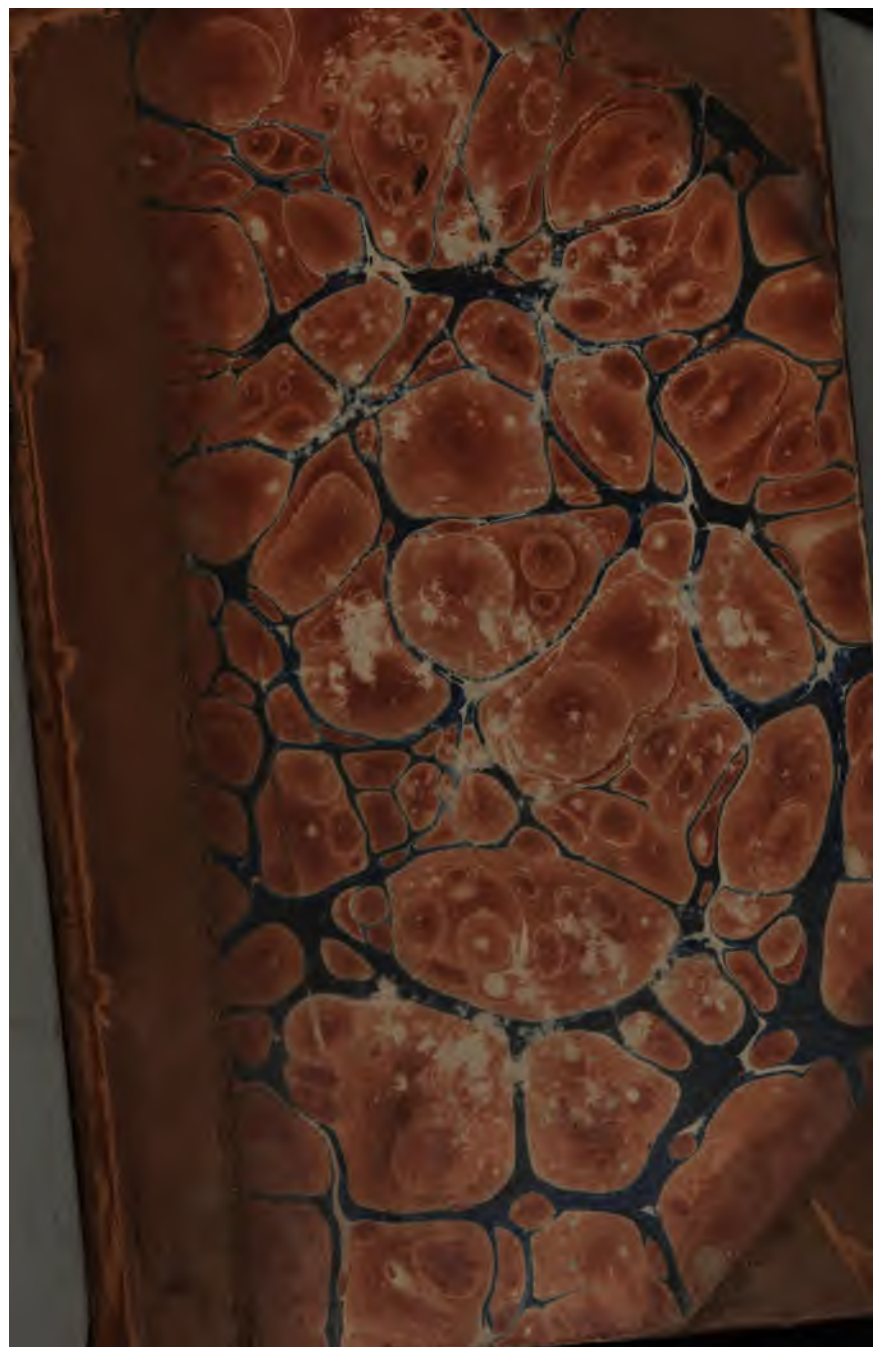
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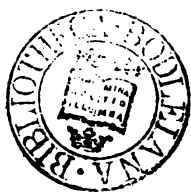
HISTORICAL
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
HENRY OF MONMOUTH,
THE HERO OF AGINCOURT;
AND
Other Eminent Characters.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
Memoirs of James the Second, &c. &c.

LONDON:
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Colchester.

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"The King is full of grace and fair regard."

* * * * *

**"The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too. Yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation, like a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King."**

Shakspeare's Henry 5th.

**"O! then a sacred influence stole
Over his agonized soul,
And beam'd upon his aching eye
Those sister visions of the sky,
The stars of Peace and Piety."**

Cunningham.

**HISTORICAL
RECOLLECTIONS,**

&c. &c.

**HENRY OF MONMOUTH,
THE HERO OF AGINCOURT.**

THE Fifth Henry who swayed the sceptre of England, was generally styled of Monmouth, from having been born in the Castle of Monmouth, the favorite residence of his grandfather, John of Gaunt; and of his father, Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry the Fourth.

Henry was born in 1387, and passed the earlier years of his life in Monmouthshire; but during the period of his father's banishment, in consequence of the feud between him and the Duke of Norfolk, Henry resided at the court of his cousin, Richard the Second, who

treated him with the most cordial affection. A contemporary historian informs us, that the monarch was captivated with the spirit and understanding of the young Henry, frequently pointing him out to regard, and prophetically observing, " We have heard that our England will produce a prince called Henry, who will be renowned for dignity of manners, splendour of action, and military skill; and we conclude, infallibly, that this is the Henry so predicted." Thus the young Henry lived the favorite and admiration of his royal cousin, until Richard's ungenerous and rapacious conduct towards the Duke of Lancaster, roused the indignation of that prince. It is well known, that the nation espoused his cause, that they entered into his resentment, and unanimously turned their eyes to him, to retrieve the declining honour of the nation, and to redress the supposed abuses of the government; and that, in consequence, although his professed object of invasion, was but to recover the duchy of Lancaster, which the king had appropriated, he soon found himself master of England, and was finally seated on the throne.

Soon after the accession of his father, Henry was sent to Oxford, where he studied under his uncle, cardinal Beaufort, chancellor of that university. Stow affirms, that the young prince "delighted in songs, meetors, and musical instruments;" and the liveliness and vigour of his own understanding may be inferred from the testimony of Speed, that "he had great veneration for such as excelled in virtue or learning, particularly Thomas Rødban, of Merton college, a great astronomer, whom he afterwards preferred to the bishopric of St. David's; and John Carpenter, of Oriel, a learned doctor in theology, whom he advanced to the see of Worcester." At a very early age, Henry had been initiated in the use of arms, and both from his personal advantages and valorous spirit; was calculated to distinguish himself as a warrior. "His person exceeded the common stature of men, he was beautiful of visage, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small; nevertheless, he was of marvellous great strength, and passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two of his lords, without hounds, bow or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large parke." (Tho-

mas de Elmham.) Before this prince attained the age of sixteen, he gave, at the memorable battle of Shrewsbury, a noble proof of heroic intrepidity, which augured well his future renown. In the midst of the battle, the king, beset with a powerful corps of the enemy, was in imminent danger; Percy and Douglas appearing determined that he should not escape them, and each performing almost incredible acts of valour. The young Henry, seeing the peril of his father, rushed into the adverse ranks, and was wounded dangerously in the face with an arrow. He was exhorted by his followers to retire, but he refused to set them an example of flight. "Convey me," he exclaimed, "I entreat you, into the midst of the enemy, that I may say to my companions in arms, Follow me, your leader, into the combat; I had rather expose myself to the danger of fortune, than by apparent flight bring ignominy on the military profession." He then precipitated himself into the ranks of the enemy; the rebels were eventually dispersed, Percy being killed by an unknown hand, and the royalists prevailed; their victory being in a great measure obtained through the heroic valour of the

young novice in arms, the gallant Henry. There are said to have fallen, in this important contest, nearly two thousand three hundred gentlemen.

Henry also signalized himself at the head of the army against the followers of Owen Glendower, whom he defeated in various encounters; and, by his valour and activity, did much towards quelling the rebellion of that chief, who was particularly obnoxious on account of his attachment to the deposed Richard. He no less distinguished himself against the Scots, making a successful inroad into their country, compelled them to offer terms of peace, and, taking hostages for their fidelity, returned loaded with spoil to the capital.

These repeated successes, aided by the courtesy and condescension of the young hero, increased his popularity, and excited the jealous suspicions of his father, who supposed he had self-interested and sinister designs against that power, which was from the very circumstances by which it was acquired, precarious. Envious of the popularity of Henry, he excluded him from his councils, placing his confidence in his other sons.

The active spirit of **young Henry**, thus restrained from its legitimate exercise, broke out into extravagancies of every kind, unbecoming his birth, and injurious to his reputation. The energies of mind qualified to pursue the career of glory, or bear the cares of government, were debased by the excesses of riotous pleasure, and the senseless frolics of intemperance. Such a course of life naturally threw him into the society of companions very unfit for his distinguished rank. Gallantry and humour were the passports to his notice, and ever found a ready second in the ill-regulated and buoyant spirit of Henry. Yet, although in the estimation of the worthy, the grave, and the rational part of mankind, the sallies of the prince disgraced his station and his sense, the nation in general considered him with more indulgence; they remarked the gleams of a noble and magnanimous soul, continually breaking through the cloud which enveloped his high qualities in the debasing atmosphere of licentiousness; and the conduct of Henry, on the decease of his father, fully confirmed these favorable impressions of his real character.

Sudden and extraordinary conversions, from

vice to virtue, are usually evanescent; but the transition of Henry the Fifth from his former licentiousness to a dignified conduct, is too well authenticated to admit of the smallest doubt. This change is amply detailed by our historians, but the causes which effected it are not so generally known; they are given by a contemporary writer, in a manner so simple and natural, as to carry with them an internal conviction of their verity. During the illness of Henry the Fourth, the prince attended him with exemplary filial affection. As he stood near his bed with the priest, who was preparing the sacrament; the king, whose eyes were dim with age, inquired what the priest was doing? "Sir," replied the prince, "he has just consecrated the body of our Lord Jesus Christ; I beseech you devoutly to adore Him under whom kings reign, and princes have dominion." The king instantly lifted up his hands, and, praying fervently, said, "My son, approach and kiss me;" and when he had kissed him, he, with a trembling voice, which announced his approaching dissolution, said, "The blessing, my son, which Isaac gave to his son Jacob, fall upon you; may God grant

you a long and prosperous reign." The prince observing his father in the agonies of death, retired with grief and anguish into a small chapel; where throwing himself on his knees, and striking his breast, with tears of contrition he acknowledged his past misconduct, declared his resolution of future amendment, and called upon God to pardon his offences. In this manner he passed the whole day; and at night repaired secretly to a priest, who was remarkable for his sanctity. To him he confessed his sins, and from him received absolution; and, to use the figurative language of the biographer, "returned to his palace, having thrown off the garment of vice, and put on the robe of righteousness." With a view to establish and strengthen his resolutions, he neither ate nor drank at a sumptuous entertainment which he gave at Westminster Hall soon after his coronation, and continued his fast three days and nights; during which time he never retired to rest, but with fasting, vigils, and prayers fervently implored the divine assistance in the government of his kingdom. After the ceremony of his coronation, he received the sacrament with so much devotion and humility, that

several of the spectators were affected even to tears; nor was his resolution of amendment the offspring of a transient fit of enthusiasm, his repentance produced a suitable practice, and his conduct did not negative his professions.

Many, like Henry, have experienced the awful impressions of a bed of death. Many, in receiving the last adieu, the last kiss, the last blessing of a parent, have felt the chill of death pervade their own heart, at the recollection (that then arises) of a thousand acts of unrequited tenderness; memory retraces many a suffering, which our ill-regulated passions or temper may have occasioned to that heart which can no longer throb with anxiety for our welfare, no longer glow with affection for us: for it is cold in death, and for ever removed from our power to bless by our duteous attentions! The pang of remorse seizes the soul for a thousand well-remembered neglects of the precepts of our earthly as well as our heavenly parent, and in the moment of agonized feeling, we resolve to chastise our wayward passions; we resolve to supplicate heaven, to purify our hearts and to guide us in our onward path; many thus feel, thus resolve, but few,


very few like Henry of Monmouth, having resolved, firmly persevere in acting up to those resolves. The example is a noble one, in every view, and happy are those who follow it!

The first public proof which Henry gave of the change which had taken place in his sentiments and conduct, was the dismissal of his dissolute associates. "After his coronation," says Stowe, "he called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts; to every one of whom he gave rich and bounteous gifts, and then commanded that as many as should change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former light conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come into his presence." While he did this, the wise ministers of his father, who had checked his riotous conduct, were received with distinguished marks of favour. Thus, while they expected to receive proofs of his resentment, they found in the performance of their duty, though even against him, they had unconsciously been gaining his favour and confidence.

As we are not writing the history of Henry the Fifth, it is not our intention to trace his brilliant career in France, or the magnitude of his conquests, attended as they were with all the vicissitudes and desperate hazards which are inseparable from an invading army. France, rent by civil dissensions, laid the field open to the conqueror, who carried every thing before him; and this success elated his heart, even to the assurance, that heaven fought and acknowledged the justice of his claim. For when the pope's legate attempted to incline him to peace, Henry replied, "do you not see, that God has led me thither by the hand? France has no sovereign; I have just pretensions to that kingdom: every thing here is in the utmost confusion, no one thinks of resisting me. Can I have a more sensible proof, that the Being who disposes of empires has determined to place the crown of France upon my head?" And Henry did succeed. The famous treaty of Troye transferred the crown of France to the house of Lancaster. Henry espoused the French Princess Catherine, was declared and acknowledged heir of the monarchy, and, as regent, was intrusted with the government,

until the death of Charles the Sixth. He was in due time blessed with a son, the inheritor of his power and conquests, the heir of two monarchies. The glory of Henry was at its height; but it was decreed it should change! His towering projects, his fond hopes, his laudable designs were arrested by the hand of death. The strength and firmness of his mind, however, forsook him not in the hours of departing life. With tranquillity and fortitude he fulfilled his last duties as a parent and a sovereign, resigning himself, with exemplary patience and piety, into the hands of his Creator, at the early age of thirty-four.

His abilities were equally conspicuous in the cabinet as the field; nor were the boldness of his plans more admirable, than his skill and valour in conducting them. By affability he attached his friends, by clemency and generosity he gained over and conciliated his enemies. In the splendour of his military career and martial prowess, the milder virtues of justice and humanity, for which Henry was no less conspicuous, have in some degree been disregarded. He openly condemned the deposition, imprisonment, and insulting treatment



of Richard the Second, and treated all those concerned in his murder, as traitors; and, as some atonement for his father's crimes, in regard to that unfortunate monarch, and to evince his own respect to Richard's memory, he ordered his corpse to be magnificently interred in Westminster abbey, among his royal ancestors, personally attending the solemnity of the funeral, and declaring, that "he mourned for him as truly as if he had been his natural father."

Although conscious that Edmund, Earl of March, had a claim to the crown, yet he released him from confinement, and treated him with such unaffected and generous kindness, that the young nobleman forgot or willingly waved his prior right, and gratefully served his royal benefactor with inviolable attachment.

Compassionating the misfortunes of the Percies, he recalled the son and heir of the impetuous and unfortunate Hotspur from Scotland, and reinvested him with the honours and estates of his ancestors.

He was no less remarkable for justice. "Every day after dinner" (says Speed), "for the space of an houre, his custom was to lean

on a cushion, set by his cupboard, and there he himself received petitions of the oppressed, which with great equity he did redresse." These are the acts which surround with a halo of pure splendour, even the otherwise illustrious hero. It is when the private virtues, the social qualities of the man are associated with the brilliant talents and achievements of the hero, that our admiration is unalloyed. Far otherwise do we contemplate those heroes who are destitute of humanity; they may excite our astonishment, like other extraordinary objects, but they never can command our respect, or excite our love. We may add, in the elegant language of Bossuet, "Exalted rank, like a public fountain which is raised to distribute its sanative waters, far from being calculated to restrict, was intended to expand benevolence. It is the touchstone of all hearts; and those among the great who are deficient in this virtue, as a just punishment for their arrogant insensibility, are actually deprived of the greatest blessing of human life,—they are ignorant of the charm of social happiness."

————— “ the soul,
Th’ informing spark which warm’d the whole.
His glance look’d lightning, and the throng
Grew silent as he pass’d along.
The brave, as near the patriot came,
Caught a new ardor from his flame :
The wond’ring coward lost his stare,
Felt not the bristling of his hair,
And watch’d not now, with wavering mind,
The shadow which he cast behind.

—— Resum’d his firm, his princely stride,
And then like one, all fire and pride,
Who seeks, not shuns the approaching doom
Which makes his death a martyrdom,
He reach’d the court : he bared his head,—
The features of each frowning knight
He calmly scann’d ; ‘ and if,’ he said,
‘ My country’s weal requires it—smite !’
They smote.”—————

Wiffen’s Julia Alpinula.

JAMES GRAHAME,
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

“Of all the passions of which the human heart is susceptible, there is none which possesses so striking a character as the love of glory.”

De Staël.

It is well known, that the covenanters of Scotland, under the dynasty of Charles the First, were inimical both to the civil and religious institutions of their country, and that they regarded with a deeply-rooted hatred the monarchy and episcopacy; resorting to every means, which fanaticism and ambition could dictate, to extirpate both.

Previous to those civil contentions, which ultimately brought the unfortunate Charles to the scaffold, James Grahame, Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Montrose, on returning from his travels had been introduced to the king. Of illustrious birth, and supereminent natural and

acquired qualities, the first step of this young nobleman, on his return to his native country, was an offer of devoting himself to the service of his sovereign ; but through the artful insinuations of the Marquis of Hamilton, who was jealous lest his noble and ardent spirit should weaken his own influence with the king, Montrose was not received with that distinction to which he thought his offers and distinguished family entitled him.

Of quick sensibility and of fervid emotion, he imagined himself to have been contemptuously treated, and with disgust, in the moment of wounded pride, joined the party of the covenanters ; and with all the ardour of his native character, the whole energy of his genius, zealously exerted himself in levying and regulating their army. Being commissioned by the party he had espoused, to wait upon the king, during the time the royal army lie at Berwick, with an inconstancy which is the natural effect of irregular susceptibility, unsubdued by reason, he was hurried into a new train of feeling ; which it will be seen, however, ripened into a firm principle of loyalty. Won by the urbanity and attentions of Charles, he thenceforth

resolved to devote himself to him entirely, although for the present secretly, in order the more effectually to serve his cause; and accordingly entered into a correspondence with the perplexed monarch. In the mean time, he was intrusted by the covenanters with an important military command, and was the first to cross the Tweed at the head of an invading army. He, however, in this delicate situation, found means to write and convey a letter to the king; but, by the vigilance or infidelity of some person (it was supposed Hamilton), a copy of this letter was transmitted to the Scottish general. Montrose was accused, and certainly not unjustly, of treachery and secret correspondence with the enemy. He openly avowed the letter, at the same time haughtily inquiring of the generals, if they dared to style their sovereign an enemy? By this bold appeal, he escaped immediate prosecution; but his defection was a crime never to be forgiven by the covenanters. The prejudices of fanaticism and party-spirit, mingling together, seized upon the minds of the contending factions, with a fury which at once silenced every authority of reason, of justice, and humanity, raging with

uncontrolled sway, and urging the opponents to mutual destruction.

Montrose, after the discovery of his correspondence, no longer sought to conceal his principles, and used every endeavour to draw those who had entertained similar sentiments, into a band of association in the royal cause. Though thrown into prison, for this daring measure, he was not discouraged; still ardently continuing, by his countenance, favour, and protection, to infuse spirit and hope into the distressed and desponding royalists.

There existed at this period, in Scotland, another party, professing equal attachment to the royal cause; only differing from that of Montrose, in the means to attain the same end. Of this party, the Duke of Hamilton was the head; warmly attached to the unfortunate Charles, both from consanguinity and the invariable confidence, favour, and affection he experienced from his royal master. Cautious and temporizing, Hamilton inclined to moderate measures and dilatory action; while Montrose, ever swayed by the impulses of feeling, whose vivid sensibility, ardent spirit, and disregard of consequences, prompted him to

daring enterprises and celerity of action, avowed his belief, that the Scottish covenanters were secretly forming an union with the English parliament, and therefore argued the absolute necessity of preventing such union, by prompt and vigorous measures. The duke, on the contrary, declared his opinion, that such ill-timed attempt would but exasperate, and precipitate them into measures inimical to the royal cause; to which, perhaps, they would not otherwise be inclined.

Upon the Scottish convention assembling, without the authority or sanction of the king, Montrose justly declared, it was a confirmation of his fears; and again vehemently urged, that some sudden and vigorous measure should be resorted to, in order to check such an usurpation of power. Hamilton, however, was still the advocate for peaceful and temporizing measures, a circumstance which has rendered him not perfectly free from suspicion of collusion with the king's enemies; yet, he gave a strong proof of his integrity and fidelity, by sacrificing his life in the service of his royal master, and Charles himself appears not to have entertained the slightest suspicion of ill-faith. Unhappily,

however, in this instance, his representations were regarded with more attention by Charles and his affectionate queen, than those of Montrose; consequently, the covenanters proceeded in their hostile measures without interruption. Montrose, fired by resentment and disappointment, hastened to the king, then at Oxford, inveighed against the treacherous counsels of Hamilton, and, supported by the unfortunate event of them, all his arguments were now received with approbation. Charles, however, was yet uninfluenced by any resentment or suspicion of Hamilton; but urged by the clamours of his party, he reluctantly sent him prisoner to Pendennis Castle.

Charles now listened to the bold and daring counsels of Montrose, conferring upon him the royal commission, with powers to act agreeably to the desperate state of the royal cause in Scotland. Undaunted by this situation, Montrose pledged himself to produce such a change as to oblige the malecontents to submission. The battle of Marston-Moor had rendered all succour from England impossible; and he was content to stipulate with the Earl of Antrim for a supply of men from Ireland, while he

himself, frequently changing his disguise and surmounting various dangers and vicissitudes, arrived in Scotland, concealed himself in the borders of the Highlands, secretly and sedulously preparing his partizans for attempting some great enterprise.

No sooner were the promised Irish succours landed, consisting of eleven hundred men, ill armed and appointed, than the eager Montrose declared himself, and entered upon that great scene of action, upon which his commanding genius so well fitted him to shine. The pure love of glory now animated his soul. It was that which, like a pillar of fire, enlightened his path. A thousand animating forms arose, to encourage his ardent hope, and to inflame his emulation.

The votary of glory is indeed encompassed as it were with a bright halo, which in its lustre obscures every opposing obstacle, leaving only in view the illusions whose seducing brilliancy urges him on, and absorbing every other passion of the soul, in the one grand idea of influencing the fate of multitudes, by turning the scale of empire.


With his little band of Highlanders and Irish

auxiliaries, Montrose instantly proceeded to attack a much superior force of covenanters at Perth. The fanatics were assured of victory, because one of their preachers had asserted, that "if ever God spake truth out of his mouth, he promised them, in the name of God, a victory that day." Having therefore performed their devotions, and fired with the certainty of success, they boldly attacked the enemy, by whom, however, they were completely routed. Ammunition failing, the followers of Montrose had recourse to stones, a heap being found near the spot of engagement. Two thousand of the covenanters were slain, and the victory spread dismay throughout the country. Many of the nobility, after this event, joined the standard of Montrose; but his band of soldiers was yet inconsiderable, as the majority of the kingdom was attached to the covenanters. Still the smallness of his army arrested not his bold career; he proceeded rapidly towards the north, and at Aberdeen obtained a second signal triumph, notwithstanding the great disparity between his army and that of the enemy. These advantages, however, obtained not the end he anticipated. The Marquis of Huntley,

who had taken up arms but had been suppressed by the covenanters, refused his entreaties again to unite himself with the royal army, being jealous and envious of the glory of Montrose, which he was aware would eclipse his own inferior genius.

The situation of Montrose was now most critical; Argyle with a considerable reinforcement was behind him, and the militia of the northern counties, to the number of five thousand, opposed him in front, guarding the deep and rapid river of the Spey. In order to elude these combined enemies, he turned suddenly aside to the hills, and thus saved his weak but daring band. Argyle, however, by quick marches at length came up to him, but his military talents not being equal to his political acumen in the cabinet, he was defeated after a few skirmishes, and Montrose escaped him. By rapid marches through the almost inaccessible mountains, he succeeded in effecting a safe retreat to the Highlands, having surmounted almost incredible dangers and escapes from the enemy. The soldiers of Montrose, tired and exhausted with long and rapid marches through snowy regions and bleak mountains, unpro-

vided with every necessary, and thinking the spoil they had acquired in their victories almost inexhaustible, longed to return home to share with their families the treasures they possessed. They deserted in great numbers, and finally left their gallant general almost alone with the Irish band, who probably would have exhibited a similar defection, had they possessed any place to retire to; but, as it was, they adhered to their noble general through all his vicissitudes. The covenanters naturally rejoiced at the difficulties of their enemy, and were proportionably surprised and mortified when with his Irish troops, and some reinforcements of the Athol men whom he had recalled, Montrose fell suddenly upon Argyle, let loose the whole fury of war, and completely defeated him, leaving fifteen hundred dead on the field. And here the historian is presented with a painful instance of the defects, which are too often combined with the most eminent qualities; of the power even of a noble passion, such as the love of glory, to hurry men into crime, while they consider they are prompted by an honorable feeling, and even to think they are acting meritoriously, by conquering their sensibility.



This reflection is naturally excited by, and accurately applies to the cruel conduct of Montrose at this period, as he sullied his great victory, by carrying fire and sword among the unoffending inhabitants of that part of the country which unfortunately was his arena of action. Having gained this signal advantage, elated with success he marched southward, seized Dundee, and accomplished an astonishing retreat before the covenanters; having marched sixty miles in the face of an enemy far superior in numbers, without halting or allowing himself or soldiers the least rest or refreshment, till secure in the mountains. His next enterprise was the defeat of general Urrey, who attacked him near Inverness with an army double the strength of his own. The stratagem by which he effected this victory, proves the genius of Montrose for the species of warfare in which he was engaged, and the fertility of his invention. Having placed his right wing in strong ground, he drew the best of his forces to the other, leaving no main body between them; a defect which he artfully concealed, by exhibiting a few men through the trees and bushes with which the spot was

covered. That Urrey might have no time to discover the feint, he instantly led his left wing to the charge, drove the covenanters impetuously off the field, and obtained a complete victory, three thousand being slain.*

Baillie, the general acting with Urrey, now advanced to revenge the discomfiture of his colleague, but met with a similar defeat and great slaughter; while Montrose lost not a single soldier. Yet the glory of his victory was shaded, by the death of his beloved and gallant friend, Lord Gordon.

Montrose now hastened to the southern provinces, where the covenanters, who had assembled their whole force, met him with a strong army, and attacked him near Kilsyth. Here the victory of the conquering Montrose was complete: six thousand of the covenanters were slain, while the royalists lost but six men. No effective force now remained with the covenanters, and the conqueror entered Glasgow.

The whole kingdom was in a sensation, at these repeated successes; and many noblemen,

* The son of Lord Napier is mentioned, by Hume, to have exhibited the most heroic valour in this action.

secret favorers of the royal cause, but too pusillanimous to avow their sentiments, now openly declared them, and resorted to the royal standard, when they saw a force able to support them. Edinburgh surrendered to the conqueror, who immediately liberated all those who had been imprisoned by the covenanters. But this career of victory and glory was soon to terminate. Montrose was appointed captain-general and lieutenant-governor of Scotland; and David Leslie was despatched from the army in England, to the relief of his distressed party in Scotland. Montrose, in the meanwhile, continued to advance towards the south, allured by vain hopes, both of rousing to arms some chieftains who had promised to join him, and also of obtaining from England a supply of cavalry. By the negligence of his scouts, Leslie surprised his army, much diminished through the desertion of the Highlanders, who, as usual, to secure their plunder, had retired to their native hills. After a desperate conflict, the forces of Montrose were defeated by those of Leslie, and he was literally obliged to cut his way through the enemy, to obtain (with a few friends) a refuge in the mountains. His

followers who became prisoners, were treated with rigour and inhumanity by the covenanters. At this critical period, the royal cause being completely ruined in England, the unfortunate Charles ordered Montrose to disband his little army. This he at first hesitated to do, but a second injunction obliged him to a reluctant compliance.

Fearing for his personal safety if he remained in Scotland, and mortified that he should have no opportunity of revenging his recent defeat, Montrose, with some friends attached to his person and his cause, embarked for Norway, Sept. 3rd, 1646. On this occasion, the hero was clad in a coarse suit, and passed for his chaplain's servant. Landing at Bergen, he proceeded to Germany, and thence he retired into France; where painful as it was to his ardent and restless spirit, he lived some time an inactive life at Paris. Here he formed an intimacy with that intriguing politician, cardinal de Retz. His passion for military glory, however, rendered him desirous of seeking the improvement of his martial genius, and he accordingly returned into Germany, where he was received by the emperor with marked

distinction, who bestowed upon him the rank of mareschal; and he proposed to levy a regiment for the imperial service, which offer being accepted, he proceeded into the Low countries for the purpose.

While employed in this military service, Montrose received, with that powerful emotion an event so melancholy was calculated to excite in a mind like his, intelligence of the tragical death of his royal master; and at the same time received a renewal of his commission of captain-general of Scotland, from the exiled Charles the Second, with whom he hastened to condole at the Hague. The authority thus granted, was all that the ardent and daring spirit of Montrose required, to bring his painfully repressed military energies into full action in his native land. To revenge the murder of his unhappy king, to restore to his rights his lawful heir, were the objects which swelled the generous soul of the noble Montrose. Allured by his great reputation and warlike accomplishments, many resorted to him from Holland and the north of Germany. The King of Denmark and Duke of Holstein sent him a small supply of money; the eccentric Christina,

Queen of Sweden, furnished him with arms; and the Prince of Orange, that warm friend to the unfortunate house of Stuart, supplied him with ships.

Montrose, eager for action, hastened his enterprise, lest the negociation which Charles had entered upon with the Scots should oblige him to revoke his commission. He accordingly set sail for the Orkneys with about five hundred men, most of them Germans. These were all the preparations he was enabled to make against a kingdom now settled in peace, supported by a well-appointed and disciplined army; and who, being fully apprised of his intentions, were entirely prepared to meet him. The faith placed in judicial astrology, even at this late period of our history, is remarkably proved by the fact, that Montrose lent a willing ear to the prophecy of one of his retainers, that to him, and him alone, it was reserved to restore the king's authority in all his dominions. A prophecy which perhaps he the more readily believed, from the natural propensity of the human mind to credit what is agreeable to our wishes, or favours the bias of our character.

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to obtain him intelligence of the movements of the enemy. The royalists were of course speedily put to flight, and all either killed or made prisoners; and the gallant Montrose himself, disguised in the garb of a peasant, was perfidiously delivered into the hands of his implacable enemies, by a base and treacherous friend, in whom with the confidence of a noble mind he had implicitly trusted. All the insolence, which is the result of triumph and success in narrow minds and cruel hearts, was exercised by the fanatical covenanters against the noble individual whom they once so much dreaded and so intensely hated. Imbued with the combined sanguinary spirits of fanaticism and party zeal, the immolation of their illustrious victim became the centre of their operations, the point upon which all their energies were to be directed.

It is passions like these, which plunge men into those most frightful of all situations, in which they mistake blood-thirsty revenge for meritorious zeal, and cruelty and crime for honorable and virtuous feeling, when the still small voice of pity is stifled in the misguided conviction, that they are upholding the institutions of their religion and country, and pro-

ducing a political benefit by the exercise of their personal authority. Montrose was now the victim of such perverted sentiments. Leslie made him the sport of the multitude during several days, by exhibiting him in the same rustic dress under which he had disguised his noble form; and wherever he passed, they were instigated to revile and insult him, by an appeal to their past sufferings and their present irritated passions.

He was judged and condemned before he was conveyed to Edinburgh, which city he was made to enter on a dung cart; and on his way, every circumstance of scorn and insult was practised to humiliate him, and that by the express order of the parliament. When he entered the city, his sentence was read to him; to which he listened with calmness and dignity. He was met at the gate of the city by the magistrates, and was mounted on a cart of peculiar construction, purposely made to render him conspicuous to the people. He was bound with a cord passed over his breast and shoulders, and fastened through holes in the cart. His hat was taken off by the common hangman, who rode before the cart with his bonnet on, and dressed in his livery. The

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officers taken prisoners with the marquis being compelled to walk, two and two, before him. The populace, more true to natural feeling than their cruel rulers, notwithstanding the instigation and rebukes of their superiors, now witnessing so mighty a change in the fortunes of this great man, so late their admiration, their dread and their terror, and into whose hands the magistrates had on their knees delivered the keys of the city,—were struck with profound compassion; while the tears of admiration and pity silently flowed, as they remarked his magnanimity and undaunted behaviour. So involuntary and so evident was this general sympathy, that on the following Sunday the preachers inveighed, in the most bitter terms, against the tribute of nature, and reproached the people with profane tenderness towards such an enemy to piety and religion.

In the evening of the day he thus entered Edinburgh, he desired to be left to his repose, saying, “the ceremony and compliment paid him that day had been somewhat wearisome and tedious.” When conducted before the parliament, the chancellor, in a violent declamation, reviled and reproached him with the violation of the national covenant which he had

subscribed, with his rebellion against God, his king, and his country; and with his many horrible murders, treasons, and impieties; for which, he added, he was now about to receive condign punishment. Montrose, unmoved by this violence, replied with firm dignity, while the majesty of his appearance, and his becoming deportment, gave evidence of his consciousness, that he deserved not the revilings of his enemies.

He told the parliament, with a dignity which gave force to his expressions, that since the king had so far avowed their authority, as to enter into treaty with them, he had appeared uncovered before them, a respect which, while they acted in open defiance to their sovereign, they would in vain have required of him; for he had resolved never to grant it. He acknowledged, with a manly candour, the errors of his early conduct; when, led away by the impulses of ill-regulated feeling, he had suffered reason to slumber, and had been induced, by the plausible pretences and blandishments of their fanatical party, to enter the path of rebellion, and seduced to the daring crime of bearing arms against his sovereign. He trusted, that

his subsequent conduct had proved the real bias of his feelings, and the sincerity of his repentance, for having departed from their genuine dictates. As to his warlike enterprises, with which they reproached him, they were altogether warranted by the commission of his king. That to venture his life for him, was the very least of his merit; for he had performed the more difficult duty of throwing down his arms, at the same sacred and royal word, and had, in consequence, resigned to them a victory which he could have commanded. That they in vain endeavoured to degrade, by insulting and vilifying him; his soul could rise superior to their malice. The justice of a cause would ennoble the most adverse fortune, nor had he any other regret on the subject, than to see the authority of his sovereign, with which he was invested, thus treated with contempt and ignominy in his person. His enemies were at liberty to exult and triumph over the perishing remains of his body, but their utmost indignities could not reach his soul; could never prevail upon him to swerve from his duty and reverence to God, and from that obedience and respect he owed to his king. He added, he should joyfully

follow his late beloved sovereign to the scaffold, and should indeed be happy, if, by a similar unjust sentence, he should follow to the future happy destiny in the mansions of bliss, him whose piety and virtue had doubtless secured him an eternal recompense.

His sentence was then read to him, the awful denunciations of which he heard unmoved. It pronounced, that "He James Grahame" (the only title the parliament vouchsafed to give him), "should on the following day be carried to Edinburgh Cross, and there be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, for the space of three hours. Then to be taken down, his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and affixed to the prison; his legs and arms to be stuck up in the four chief towns of the kingdom; his body to be buried in the place appropriated for common malefactors, except the church, upon his repentance, should take off his excommunication." The fanatics trusting, that the terrors of immediate suffering and death would open his heart to their persuasions, now insulted him by pronouncing his certain damnation. But he soon silenced their wretched hypocrisy and cant; and telling them, they were miserably deluded and deluding, he added, "believe me,

I am prouder to have my head affixed to the place where it is sentenced to stand, than to have my picture hang in the king's bed-chamber. So far from being sorry, that my quarters are to be sent to the four cities of the kingdom, I wish I had limbs enow to be dispersed into all the cities of Christendom, there to remain as testimonies in favour of the cause in which I suffer." These sentiments, that very evening, he arranged in the following verse, and wrote with a diamond upon the window of his prison:

" Let them bestow on every earth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air:
Lord, since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I am possess'd, thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

With the most invincible constancy and inimitable magnanimity, he submitted to the sentence which had thus been pronounced against him in his absence, and without being permitted to be heard in his defence.

On the 21st of May, 1650, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, this genuine nobleman was brought forth from his prison, amidst the insults of his enemies and the tears of the

people, and conducted to the place of execution, to suffer like the vilest malefactor. He was dressed in a scarlet cloak, trimmed with gold lace; and walked along the street with so grand an air, and so much beauty, majesty, and gravity, that while the highest admiration was excited, the whole city was shocked at the cruelty that was designed him; and even from his enemies his noble deportment extorted the confession, that he was a man of the most lofty and elevated soul, the most unshaken constancy, and firm resolution, that the age had produced; and, in every respect, without an equal. Every effort of malignity had been resorted to, in order to shake his firmness, and to betray the hatred of his persecutors; but his spirit remained unsubdued. One effort more yet remained in this closing scene, a scene which might have disarmed aught but demoniac malice. The executioner presented the book containing the history of his great military actions, which had been composed in elegant Latin; and tied it with a cord around the neck of the hero. Montrose regarded the act with a smile of mingled pity and ineffable contempt, thanking them for their officious zeal, adding, he bore this testimony of his loyalty with more

pride than he had ever worn the garter. Then asking, if they had any more indignities to heap upon him? and renewing his devotions, he calmly and patiently endured the last he could suffer, from the hands of the executioner.

Thus perished, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, the most noble and gallant Marquis of Montrose, whose military genius, valour, and conduct were conspicuously superior to any which appeared during the dreadful civil and religious dissensions, which distracted the three kingdoms at that eventful period. The accomplishments of the gentleman were also added to the prowess of the soldier, whilst the softer arts of civilized life he cultivated with ardour and success: in short, whatever was sublime in science, elegant in taste, or noble in sentiment, touched and occupied his great soul. To the social and soft affections, his heart was ever open; but the vast and unbounded seemed the elements which suited the elevation of his character, and in which he truly lived. His taste was too refined for the objects which surrounded him, and his soul seemed ever springing forward to a happiness of a more elevated nature than his fortune ever led him to; nor could he but by an heroic act of duty to his

sovereign, have disciplined his mind to pay such unlimited submission to his will. His fellow-prisoners fell victims also to the vengeance of the covenanters. Amongst whom were several of rank and character.

Soon after this proof of the barbarity of the fanatical faction, Charles the Second was forced, by the persuasions of his friends and the desperate state of his affairs, to consent to the severe decrees of the Scotch commissioners, and forthwith returned to the country. Before he was permitted to land, he was required to sign the covenant; and all his friends, among whom was Hamilton, were immediately separated from him. On passing Aberdeen, one of the quarters of his faithful Montrose was suffered to remain over the gates where it had been placed; an evidence of the barbarism of that band of zealots, whose covenant he had just signed; an evidence that their religion was but the hypocritical cloak for their cruel ambition. Circumstances greatly tending to strengthen those sentiments of contempt for religious profession and practice, which marked the character of the light-hearted monarch, and doubtless contributed to augment the insincerity of his character.

"What form is that, and whose that look
 In silent trance to heav'n appealing,
 His nervous limbs in tremour shook,
 By some convulsive feeling?
 That wild regard, that frenzied air,
 Speak long communion with despair!
 And mark you well his brow! Its frown
 Would seem to call the thunder down,
 The fierce avenger of his fate,—
 On objects of his scorn and hate.
 He notes not now the mournful dash
 Of billows, or the lightning's flash;
 The keener fire is in his eye,
 Of shame, revenge, and agony:
 From which the burning tear would slide,
 And flow, if 'twere not check'd by pride,—
 Which firmly steels him to sustain
 The future as the past of pain.
 From home; love, liberty, long riven,
 He lifts his iron brow to heaven,
 If heaven will yet in pity give
 Those boons, or bid him cease to live;
 Then marks again the mingl'd mass
 Of cloud and fire confus'dly pass;
 Sees pois'd above the stormy tide,
 The wheeling birds of tempest ride,
 With fixt eye so intensely bright,
 And hectic flush of lost delight,
 As if his very soul would spring
 To freedom with as wild a wing."

J. H. Wiffen.

THE ALGERINE CAPTIVE.

P. G. DUMONT was born at Paris, in 1768; was educated for the navy, which he entered under the command of Rear-Admiral de Ternay, and was présent at the memorable engagement which terminated by the triumph of Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782, over de Grasse. Dumont was made prisoner at that time. His ship was ordered home, but was on the passage chased in the straits of Gibraltar, by a small English squadron; when she took refuge under the batteries of Algesiras. Here he was tranferred to another vessel, which he soon quitted, to enter the service of the Count d'Artois, then superintending the siege of Gibraltar. The ship, however, being sent with despatches to the French fleet, then cruizing off Minorca, Dumont accompanied the Marquis de Montmery, aid-de-camp to the commander,

in-chief, as his personal attendant. A violent storm arose soon after the vessel had sailed from Algesiras, and, notwithstanding every effort of her crew, she was driven in the dead of the night upon the inhospitable coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers, where the ship went to pieces; and of a hundred and forty men, who composed her crew, half the number only reached the rocky beach nearly exhausted. The ferocious Konbals had watched the progress of the tempest with the eager lust of anticipated rapine, and ere the fainting mariners had well reached the shore, rushed down from the mountains while the tempest yet raged, and inhumanly massacred the greatest part of those unhappy beings, who had with so much painful exertion saved themselves from a watery grave.

Unarmed, nearly naked, and exhausted by fatigue, it was in vain to make any resistance. Dumont, however, tall and muscular, seeing the body of his master, the Marquis de Montmery, nearly cut to pieces, after a long and courageous struggle for life, became desperate with rage and horror; and for want of more effective arms, he and his yet surviving com-

panions threw handfuls of sand in the eyes of the barbarians, and, by this and biting their legs, succeeding in precipitating three of the Konbals from their horses into the sea. In this act of desperation, Dumont received several sabre wounds on the head and shoulders, a dangerous wound in the body from a lance, and a pistol bullet in one of his legs.

When the Arabs seized some of his companions and ascended the mountains, Dumont, covered with blood, crawled beneath some bush-wood, in the hope of concealing himself from the Arabs, should they return; still thinking, if he could by that means remain on the coast, he might be able to descry some European vessel, and effect his escape. Agitation, fatigue, and horror, caused the pain of his wounds to be excruciating, and forced him to reflect upon the probable result. Death, however, was not the evil he dreaded; but the thought of the awful fate of his gallant master, and the idea that he never more should revisit his native land or see his parents, added the agonies of feeling to those which shook to dissolution the body of the unfortunate Dumont. Thirty of his companions yet remained more

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or less wounded, and who in proportion shared his hopes and fears, but the small gleam of the former faded away as the day dawned; the Arabs were then seen returning with speed to collect the remnant of their victims, and binding their arms across each other, they attached the miserable captives to their horses' tails with a long cord. Several thus barbarously dragged along, died from weakness and suffering. They travelled during the night only, from the fear of having their wretched captives taken from them by other predatory parties of their countrymen. During the day they encamped in the woods, their only sustenance a little bread and water.

On the evening of the ninth day, they arrived at *Mount Felix*, the residence of the Sheik Osman. This chief had many subordinate to him, living with their followers under tents in the mountains, and subsisting by plunder and rapine. There were no houses, except Osman's palace and the prison for his slaves. The sheiks paid a yearly tribute, which if not able to furnish from their own resources, they plundered the others to obtain; for if not deposited at Osman's feet fifteen days after it became

due, the defaulter lost his head, unless able to justify himself by a proper explanation, of the validity of which Osman was sole judge.

The palace of this despot was of stone, two stories high, and terminating in a terrace. Three hundred women were immured within it, attended by an equal number of their own sex. They were permitted to walk and amuse themselves in the gardens, which were adorned with flowers and rich in fruit; but their prospect was terminated by the high walls! The miserable captives were presented to Osman the day following their arrival. His first inquiry was of their country; and on learning that they were French, "French!" he replied, "Frenchmen! without faith, spiteful, and devils; let them be chained." This order was promptly executed. Dumont was by this time a perfect cripple, suffering exquisite torture; and three of his unfortunate companions were released by death, from a situation so dreadful, three days subsequent to their arrival at *Mount Felix*. All were stripped of the few clothes, the violence of the wreck and the horrible mode of travelling had left them; and a small woollen shirt was given to each, reaching to within a few

inches of the knee. They were then bound together, two and two, by a large heavy chain, nearly ten feet long; this was fixed to the ankle with a massy clasp, and rivetted, rendering all escape impossible. Thus naked, and loaded with iron, they were conducted to prison. This building was of great length and extent. It contained about two thousand slaves on the arrival of the unfortunate Frenchmen, but was capable of holding double that number. The walls were forty feet high, and eight in breadth. Several openings, or windows, strongly barred with iron, placed within about ten feet of each other, and only breast high, enabled the wretched inmates to see the beasts of prey which were nightly allured by the odour of so many human bodies collected together, and prowled around the building. They frequently advanced within a few yards of the grating, and struck terror into the sinking heart by their dreadful roaring. A number of turrets surmounted the walls of this prison, which were inhabited by the keepers, and were ascended by a ladder which rose and fell like a draw-bridge. They watched in rotation, constantly armed, and often discharged their muskets,

loaded with rock-salt, at any of the slaves who might be unruly; and during the night continually cried, "Take care of the Christians."

On the arrival of the wretched party at this abode of captive misery, the slaves seemed to rejoice, that they had an accession to their companions in misery. Such is the unaccountable tendency of the human mind, to feel satisfaction in knowing it does not suffer alone. The chain attached to the ankle was now secured to an iron ring and padlock, about three feet from the ground. A little straw was spread for the wretched slaves to lie on, and each had a stone for his pillow! and they were permitted to sleep, if it were possible. Although the wounds of poor Dumont, particularly that inflicted by the lance, gave him exquisite pain, nature's sweet restorer for a short time visited him, suspending the complicated misery of his situation. This state of his wounds did not, however, exempt him from being sent with the rest to their daily labour; also to collect three ears of Indian corn, to serve for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The corn was pounded and mixed with water, if it could be procured; but the keepers did not

allow it to the poor slaves for such purpose, while out in the fields.

Dumont, after having assisted in drawing a cart during the day, was taken back almost expiring, at night, to the prison; his sufferings having been augmented by the bruises caused by the blows of his inhuman taskmaster, whose rule it is, never to address a "Christian dog," without the accompaniment of a blow! An Italian captive, who happened to be chained near the wretched Dumont, procured some hemp and water of marsh-mallows, which he frequently applied to the lance wound, and though exquisite torments attended the application, it greatly accelerated the recovery. The same humane attention enabled Dumont to extract the ball from his leg. So true is it, that Providence, though it in wisdom plunges us into the extreme of misery, yet vouchsafes one drop of consolation in the bitter draught allotted.

The slaves rise at two o'clock in the morning to avoid the bastinado, applied by large canes, rendered supple by constant steeping in water. Some work in the gardens of the sheik, others hew wood, till the ground, or are yoked

to the plough. When a party is ploughing, a circle of guards surround it, to protect it from the beasts of prey, constantly on the watch to seize an unguarded captive. There are always a hundred and fifty armed men to guard one hundred slaves, but even this is not always effectual to preserve the wretched victims. When the slaves, from age, infirmity, or other causes, are unable to work, they are shot by the keepers, and their bodies thrown to the beasts of prey. This horrid feast is a source of great amusement to the barbarians, who call out, "Do you see that Christian? God knows nothing of him, or he would not let him be devoured."

As the prison allowance was wholly inadequate to satisfy the cravings of nature, under such a state of enforced labour, the slaves were obliged to have recourse to a thousand expedients to supply if possible the deficiency, and it is only those who are driven to such necessity, can imagine the fertility of invention under circumstances of desperate hunger. Their purpose was generally effected at noon, when the keepers went through their *religious* ceremony of ablution; or, when no water was

to be procured, rubbing the body with a stone. Nothing could induce them to omit this practice, and the period of its performance was the signal of forage to the slaves, who seized any thing they could reach round the spot, although they generally paid dearly for the spoil, by the cruel application of the bamboo. On one occasion, Dumont was so fortunate as to seize a sheep, which enabled him and two slaves to regale for a week. A few hundred blows from the keeper was the price he paid for this unusual indulgence. The unhappy slaves suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst; to remedy the one, they were wont to wreath their heads with leaves, and their breasts were shaded by their beards; Dumont's reached to his middle. The intolerable sensations of thirst were mitigated by chewing straw, or keeping an olive stone in the mouth. Dumont, remarking that the keepers were more harsh and inhuman to those who were unfortunately endued with the greatest sensibility, had the firmness to assume an air of cheerfulness; and whenever the taskmasters were exercising their office of punishment, this fictitious cheerfulness spared him some severity. They would ex-

claim, " This fellow is made of iron, it is of no use to beat him."

The arrival of a prince from Morocco, for the purpose of collecting the annual tribute, indirectly, however, led to a series of persecutions, which notwithstanding his most remarkable buoyancy of spirit, had nearly ended the mortal career of the poor Dumont. Having contrived to excite the prince's commiseration in favour of himself and his companions, the prince gave him a hundred sequins to distribute among them. The keeper witnessed the receipt and the distribution of this sum, and envy and revenge filled his heart, that he also was not a sharer of it. His cruelty to Dumont was augmented to a height which rendered his hapless slave desperate. When one day struck by the keeper, he seized and hurled a stone at him with such dreadful power that it forced the eye of the brutal monster from the socket. Dumont left him no time to breathe from the agony of the blow, but flew upon him with the rage of a tiger, remaining fixed to his body till the repeated blows of the keepers (whom the cries of their companion had hastened to the spot) compelled him to relax his hold. The

result of this desperate attack was his being conveyed before Osman, and Dumont felt assured his sufferings would soon be ended by a sentence of death. The examination was however far more favorable than could have been expected, even if a hope of life had remained in the bosom of the poor slave; he received a hundred blows from two Arabs, on the palm of his left hand: and the keeper was suspended on the nearest tree, "for having preferred money to the law of Mahomet." Such was the sentence of Osman! Altogether disabled, by the blows he had received, from pursuing the labours of the field, Dumont was appointed to turn a grindstone, a service he continued to perform during the period of twelve months, exposed to the rigour of the musselmen, who knowing him to have been the cause of having the keeper put to death, revenged it by subjecting him to ceaseless and the most gross abuse.

Osman had two sons, fine and manly youths, who were in the habit of visiting the prison, to show and to exercise upon the inmates their dexterity in the use of the astaghan and scimitar. Whenever these princes happened to meet the captives it was a day of feasting, as invari-

ably an order was issued for the slaughter of two or three oxen for their use. Whenever a slave was induced to embrace the Mahometan faith, his chain was removed, he was allowed a wife, with other privileges, as the reward of his apostacy. Some of Dumont's companions had been in slavery for above fifty years, and were become totally insensible to the horrors of their situation, looking forward to their turn of being shot, or given up to the ravenous beasts, with indifference and perfect composure. A degree of apathy, which it would be difficult to determine whether most to be desired or lamented, in their peculiar circumstances;—a wonderful instance of the powerful influence of habit over the human mind, and a proof of that buoyancy of spirit which rises above the sufferings of the mortal frame! Yet, who can appreciate the countless struggles of the soul before it attained this state of equanimity or apathy? The wretched Dumont, accompanied Osman (who seemed to have sufficient discernment to discover his value), in several predatory expeditions, during which he plundered the country from pure devotion, or rather fanaticism, as he desired the treasure to offer at the shrine of

Mecca. During these expeditions, Dumont saw much of the manners and customs of the barbarians, among whom a cruel fate had cast him. In these horrors of captivity and servitude he had passed thirty years, and the hope that he should ever regain the blessing of liberty was expired within him; when, mark the kindness of Providence, teaching man never to despair; only to trust, that out of evil still it educeth good, and that patient endurance shall surely meet its reward in time or eternity. An unlooked-for and extraordinary circumstance effected the liberation of this victim of adverse fortune, from the horrors of *Mount Felix*.


A Frenchman named Manet, formerly one of the companions of Dumont in captivity, had become a renegade under the name of Ali, and, understanding the manufacture of gunpowder, was high in the favour of Osman. Though long absent from his native country, Manet had lost none of its characteristic gallantry and curiosity, and he imprudently endeavoured to gratify the latter by peeping through the lattice of the seraglio, where some of the handsomest women of the sheik were immured. He was unfortunately discovered by Osman himself. The

offence was capital,—and nothing but the partiality of Osman could have saved him; but self-interest was the friend of the renegado in this peril. Osman unwilling to lose so valuable a servant, commuted the punishment of death for fifteen hundred blows of the bamboo, a thousand on the back, and the rest on the soles of the feet! He was also deprived of the wealth he had acquired, only being suffered to retain his horse and his arms, but the importance of this small indulgence will be manifested. The mildness of his treatment, solely in consequence of the selfish regard of Osman, did not however prevent the ruined Ali from retaining a considerable degree of resentment against the sheik. Four months after the cure of his wounds, Osman informed him that he intended to surprise the Bey of Algiers to enforce a tribute, and it would be necessary to prepare a large quantity of gunpowder for the expedition. Manet promised obedience, but instantly conceived the idea of converting the circumstance into a means of escape from the tyranny of Osman. In pursuance of his projected plan, in which he had no confidant, he left his horse one day at an adowar, of which

he was himself the governor, and telling Osman the animal was dead, received another to supply its place. This was conducted to the same adowar, when Ali mounted his own charger, and rode off with the utmost speed.

Manet not appearing as usual at the divan of Osman the following morning, inquiry was made respecting him; but upon the reply, that his horse was at the adowar, and therefore that he could not be far from the palace, the apprehensions of Osman were not awakened, and from the renegado's not appearing the two following days, it was believed, with the usual characteristic indifference, that he had fallen a prey to the wild beasts in the vicinity, and no further trouble was taken to ascertain his fate.

In the meantime, Manet traversed a hundred and twenty leagues of a country full of trackless forests, lofty mountains, and innumerable beasts of prey. Arrived at length at Gigeri, Ali, as he called himself, instantly proceeded to the palace of the bey, and communicated the important secret, that the army of Osman, headed by his sons, would surely attack him in a few days. This news was immediately sent to the



Dey of Algiers, and Manet, or Ali, was detained, with the assurance that if his information proved correct, he should have a reward suited to such an important service; and if otherwise, that his head should pay the forfeit of his falsehood. The Algerine despot in the meanwhile took the most active measures to meet the worst; and fortunately, for the army of Osman did indeed appear, and put those of Constantina and Oran to the route; but that of Gigeri was more fortunate, for it obtained a complete victory, killing vast numbers, and making many prisoners, among whom were the sons of Osman. The conqueror was on the point of beheading his illustrious captives, when one of them supplicated him to consent to their being exchanged for some Christian slaves; and accordingly the execution of the sentence was suspended until the consent of the Dey of Algiers should be obtained. He recommended the measure, and named the number to be five hundred. The courier bearing the proposition reached Osman at *Mount Felix*, just as the slaves were proceeding to their labour. He accepted the terms without a moment's hesitation, and proceeding to the prisons, desired the keepers to halt, and

selected the captives who were to be exchanged. Dumont was among the happy number! Osman placed himself at the head of the escort, conducting it to the frontier of Gigeri, where he was soon joined by his liberated sons and companions in arms. The exchange being fully completed, he returned to *Mount Felix*, and the prisoners were presented to the Bey of Gigeri; their chains were removed, but the ring was left as a badge of slavery, and to indicate that they belonged to the Dey of Algiers. They received fresh apparel, and were well fed without being compelled to work. Poor Dumont imagined himself in a little heaven; so comparative is happiness! The period of the bey's tribute becoming due, they were marched to Algiers, and became the property of another master! Ali Manet received the promised reward, the dey creating him a police officer. Such was the result of his curiosity, to obtain the sight of some poor captive women in a despot's seraglio! Such the mighty effects, which arise from insignificant causes! When Lord Exmouth made his gallant attack on the piratical city, the slaves were removed to a distance; and orders were even given to put them to death, which were

in part executed. The horrible decree was, however, countermanded, and the sequel is too well known to render a repetition necessary. Being embarked on board an English vessel, with many of his ransomed companions, Dumont was conveyed to Naples, and given up to the resident French consul. His astonishment may be imagined, but cannot be described, when informed of the **CHANGES** which had taken place in Europe during the period of his captivity: The French Revolution—The rapid Succession of the various Governments—The Constituent Assembly—The Legislative Body—The National Convention—The Reign of Terror—The Directory—The Consulate—The Elevation of Napoleon to the Throne, his astonishing and conquering career, his lofty pride, his signal fall—The Restoration of the Bourbons—Napoleon's Return from Elba—Rapid Revolution of Affairs—The King's Flight—Second Departure of Napoleon, his dastard escape, and second mighty fall from imperial and manly dignity—The Re-establishment of the Old Dynasty.—All, all seemed like a tale of the imagination, conjured up to amuse the credulity of the ransomed Dumont; and he refused to give

it credit. But at Naples the same account awaited him; it was confirmed at Marseilles, and pressed upon his attention with the force of veracity.

As Dumont spoke the language of the different captives that were embarked in the same frigate, he was appointed to act as their interpreter. The French consul, M. Boucet, treated him with the greatest kindness, supplying him with clothes and money. In acknowledging this generous attention, Dumont remarks, with the genuine feeling of a grateful mind, "what greater pleasure can there be, than to think of those who have consoled us in the hour of adversity?" Being furnished by M. Boucet with a passport and route, Dumont embarked on board a merchant vessel for Marseilles, and while waiting quarantine there, he met with a native of Lyons who had been one of his companions in slavery at Algiers. He had been in captivity eighteen years, and was now slowly recovering from a dangerous fit of sickness, which had succeeded his emancipation. Dumont was offered by a rich merchant at Lyons 5 francs per day as an interpreter, but his desire to discover his parents rose paramount to all considerations of interest,

and he rejected the advantageous offer. When sufficiently well to travel, his friend Etienne and himself left Marseilles for Lyons. Dumont however suffered much, as the clasp which had attached the chain to his ankle had produced a considerable indurated swelling, which caused him much pain.

Dressed in a neat suit of clothes, presented him by the generous M. Boucet, and with three hundred francs in his pocket, Dumont thought himself very near the goal of happiness, which he as yet knew but by name. Etienne also, with equal national vivacity of spirit, was full of fond and lively anticipations. Dumont wished to walk bare-footed, as in Africa; but the frost soon compelled him to resort to his shoes. They were thus buoyant with hope, proceeding alertly, when they perceived a party of eight or nine men advancing across the fields towards them, and, on their near approach, discovered they were armed with bludgeons and knives. In a few minutes they attacked the unfortunate travellers, demanding their money. It was in vain that Dumont showed them his numerous scars, in order to excite their commiseration, and assured them,

that he was but just released from a long protracted slavery, and that his companion was scarcely less unfortunate; the banditti were deaf to all entreaties, but proceeded to strip the unhappy fugitives, not only of their money but of their bundles containing a change of apparel. They then left them to pursue their way. The inhabitants of the village they next arrived at, took compassion on their forlorn state, made a little collection of money for them, and assisted them to the utmost of their power. With this and some further small benefactions, bestowed in the progress of their journey, they at length arrived at Lyons, in tolerable good spirits. Having passed a part of the day in viewing the principal streets and buildings; as the evening began to close in, Etienne conducted Dumont to the house of his parents, who kept an inn. He entered without making himself known, and ordered supper for two persons. On the soup and bouille being served, Etienne called for a roast fowl. Upon this, his mother, who with her daughter was attending, examined the travellers attentively, and observed to Etienne, " You are strangers, I perceive, and are not perhaps aware that

provisions are very dear." Etienne, who had remained with his hat slouched over his eyes, and his back rather turned towards his mother, replied hastily, "That is of no consequence to you, Madame, give what is ordered, and it will be paid for." "I beg your pardon, Sir," rejoined the mother, "I am wrong, but I did not exactly know the state of your pockets, and thought the information necessary."

This short dialogue was soon followed by the appearance of the fowl. The travellers continued to enjoy their meal very slowly, that the night might be closed in ere they had concluded it. The old lady continuing to regard them with an air of suspicion; and when Etienne inquired, if he and his companion could have beds? she replied, sharply, "No, my beds are all occupied." "And this young lady," said Etienne, gaily pointing to his sister, "has she got a bed?" "How," said the old lady angrily, "if my children have not beds, who are to have them?" "Then, I am not your son," exclaimed Etienne, raising his voice, and removing his hat to display his countenance. At these words and movement of the stranger, the poor woman seemed to suffer

a violent oppression, turned pale, and sunk senseless on the floor. The daughter flew for her father, and Etienne to the assistance of his mother. The father soon appeared, and assisted in raising the unfortunate Madame Etienne, but she was no more! Her daughter distracted at the sudden loss of her mother, and the strong contending emotions of grief and joy which that loss and the discovery of her brother produced, was seized with a violent illness, and conveyed insensible to her bed, from which she never rose; dying after a confinement of a few days. The father also sunk under the double shock, and survived but eight days: and, finally, the wretched Etienne, the cause of this direful tragedy, was seized with a frenzy fever, the violence of which his enfeebled constitution could not endure, and he followed the victims of his imprudence to the tomb, a little more than a week after the decease of his father.

Dumont thus saw all fall a sacrifice to the intensity of their feelings; he never quitted the bed-side of his friend, who breathed his last sigh in his arms! All his former trials seemed nothing to this. What reflections did

it not arouse in the bosom of a son, seeking a re-union with his parents after a separation of thirty-seven years! He had also purposed to take them by surprise, but the frightful calamity he had witnessed, now made him turn with shuddering horror from the thought. He quitted Lyons almost in a state of stupefaction, and took the road to Paris, receiving proofs of benevolence in the different towns through which he passed. He at length arrived at the capital, by the Auxere packet-boat, about ten in the evening of the 24th of January, 1817. He was advised to remain on board till the next morning, lest he should lose his way among the new streets; but his anxiety rendered him deaf to all reasons, and regardless of any hazards; he determined therefore to land at once. Astonishment was produced at every step, at the *changes* which had taken place, imperfect as was his power to remark them accurately at that dim hour, and in the deep shadows of moon-light. At length he arrived before the new church of the Madeleine, remaining precisely in the same state as when he quitted Paris, 1780. Delighted at finding a single building he could recognize, he con-

tinued his route with renewed energy from this quarter, but he in vain endeavoured to find out the old church of St. Madeleine, now replaced by a timber-yard; neither could he discover the old convent, which had disappeared in the revolutions of thirty-seven years. At a loss on which side to turn, he addressed a person he met, and was rejoiced to find that the Rue d'Anjou was within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood bewildered and hesitating. It was in the Rue d'Anjou that his parents resided! It was a place rendered holy by fond remembrances! Ten thousand recollections crowded upon his beating heart: it throbbed almost audibly, as he approached the street,—and his firm nerves shook, his buoyant spirit sunk, as he knocked at the still remembered door of his paternal home! With trembling impatience he waited the answer. The door, after a considerable interval, was opened by a female domestic; he explained, in agitation, if not absolute incoherence, who he was, and the object of his visit. His account was received with indifference, and he was told no such persons resided there as he inquired for; the house was occupied by another person,

who knew nothing of the former owners! The now wretched and disappointed Dumont, who had never suffered himself to think that such changes could have occurred in so long a period of time, stood a few moments, after the door was coldly closed upon him, stupified with an undefinable agony and irresolution; but at length recollecting, that the patrol might discover him if found wandering in the streets at such an unseasonable hour, prudently resolved to hasten to the guard-house, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, which he had observed in his perambulation, and at which the national guard were on duty. After a short examination of his person, and a few questions, the commanding-officer, affected by his simple narrative, generously made a collection among the gentlemen who composed his guard, amounting to fifty francs: he also sent for a fowl, some vermicelli soup, and a bottle of wine, to refresh the almost fainting Dumont. But he had little appetite; after the disappointment he had experienced. He expressed his gratitude, and his strong desire of repose. He was, therefore, with the promptitude of true benevolence, provided with a mattress, and overcome by mental

and bodily exertion, he sunk into a deep slumber, in which he continued until the arrival of the commissary of police in the morning, whose minute inquiries received such satisfactory replies, that he gave the poor Dumont a twenty-franc piece, expressing at the same time the interest he felt in his situation.

On the following morning Dumont retired to a lodging, with the intention of remaining perfectly quiet, till able to prosecute his filial search. There he accidentally, or rather we would say providentially, met an old woman, a native of Neuilly; on hearing her name that village, Dumont recollected he had once an aunt who had resided there, and from whom when a boy he had received many acts of kindness. He made minute inquiries of the old woman, and found this aunt was still living at Neuilly; he determined, therefore, to lose no time in hastening to this relative, from whom he hoped to hear of his parents. On his arrival at her humble abode, he cautiously made himself known; the old lady shed tears of unfeigned joy on the occasion, and quickly found out many circumstances of recognition of her favorite little nephew. She furnished

him with an address to a sister, who was but three years of age when Dumont quitted France, and who of course could have no recollection of his person. Dumont returned on the wings of affection to Paris; he succeeded in discovering this unknown sister, but found her in a miserable state of poverty, a widow, with four infant children. When the first surprise of such an unexpected meeting had somewhat subsided, Dumont gave her all the money he had received, with which she purchased some absolute necessities; for even the bed of her infants had been sold, to defray the expenses of her deceased husband's lingering illness. But the heart of Dumont was still unsatisfied respecting his parents, of whose fate neither his aunt nor his sister could furnish him with any information; all they knew was, that they had quitted France many years, probably among the countless families who ended their mortal career far from their native country and every dear connection, in the awful convulsion of that revolution, which has hurled kings from their thrones and banished peace from the lowliest cottage.

One part of the house in which the sister of

Dumont lodged, was occupied by an English officer of the rank of colonel, and name of Jackson. Having heard Dumont express himself with unusual facility in the English language, he one day inquired in what part of England he had resided? Upon which Dumont told him the whole account of his captivity; adding, to the great surprise of the colonel, that he had never even seen England. The colonel listened with the most benevolent interest to his account, and immediately gave him a letter to Sir Sydney Smith. Dumont was received by that gallant officer with the greatest kindness, and was immediately employed by him in the Anti-piratical Institution (of which he was founder and president) as a carrier of letters, and as his attendant when engaged in the concerns of the institution, for which he was allowed two francs per day. In addition to this confidence, Sir Sydney recommended him to many persons of rank, and to Monsieur, the brother of the King, in consequence of whose benevolence he was enabled to restore his widowed sister to some degree of comfort; and when circumstances obliged Sir Sydney to quit Paris, he gave Dumont two

certificates (one in English the other in French), containing the highest testimony of his zeal, attention, and fidelity. He also left him a small sum of money as an acknowledgment of his faithful services. But no sooner had Demont lost his active benefactor, than he felt that the loss could not be replaced to him; little did it avail him, that he had the testimonies of generous philanthropy, when he found few disposed even to look at them, and fewer still who chose to regulate their charity by the suffrage of what they called romantic generosity; which if the world were to follow, nothing would be heard of but strange adventures, to exercise the high-wrought feeling. In fact, many weeks had not elapsed, ere his precarious means of subsistence was exhausted, and his former distress again threatened to overwhelm him. His sister and her four helpless infants were ill supplied by twenty sous per day; he could not see them absolutely want, although he himself endured the most painful sacrifices; and his spirit yet arose above craving alms. His body indeed had been in a long thralldom, but his mind had ever asserted and maintained its freedom. Du-

ring this pressing distress, he was wont to resort to the market-places, and, when unobserved, pick up the remains of the refuse vegetables, thrust them into his pocket, and retire to some concealment, to devour the meal thus procured, rendered palatable by intense hunger. Distress accumulated upon the wretched man; unable to bear the cries of the perishing children, agonized to behold his unhappy sister, pale, livid, and half distracted, he desperately resolved to return to Africa!

With this resolution, he applied three several times at the prefecture of police for a passport, and was as often refused, with an exhortation to patience; advice much easier given than to be obeyed. His plan was to reach Algiers, where he believed he could exercise the office of an interpreter, which with interest is lucrative. It was now that he bitterly repented the rejection of the offer made by M. Felix Antoine. In vain did the unhappy man present his certificates at the doors of various houses, the inhabitants of which had professed attachment to Sir Sydney. In vain did he offer his services, with the assurance that he had been accustomed to labour all his life, and, although

fifty years of age, was still capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. His cruel destiny seemed fixed.

Nine months thus passed away, in all the horrors of want, wretchedness, and disappointment; and he was, in fact, on the very confines of utter languor and despair, when Providence again lifted him from the depths of woe, by inspiring him with the project of petitioning his Royal Highness Monsieur, to whose bounty he had already been indebted for temporary relief. The appeal was heard, his Royal Highness paid the most humane attention to it, and Dumont was soon enabled to assist his almost exhausted sister and her children. The generous efforts of his benefactors (for the Duke de Maillé and M. Polignac united with Monsieur), procured for this sport of fortune an asylum in the Royal Hospital of Incurables, where he was received on the 7th of May, 1819. It is in this noble asylum, he hopes to enjoy that repose and tranquillity which has been denied him in his eventful life.

We will close this succinct account of the vicissitudes of that life, in the words of Dumont himself, as no juster moral can be drawn.

"May the example of such long sufferings soften the pangs of others, by teaching them to bear up against the ills of life. And if there be still left any condition more hard than what is exhibited in my story, those who are exposed to it ought to reflect, that it would be folly as well as sin to hope emancipation by a voluntary death!"

DESPAIR.

Despair! the ugliest fiend of hell,
 The bane of glory, nurse of woe;
 Canst thou, for her demoniac cell,
 Her haggard cheek, and hideous yell,
 Hope's smiles forego?

O! shun the thought: though Hope deceives,
 And fondly chants a sweeter tale
 Than sage experience believes,
 Yet still for future ills she weaves
 A magic veil.

And not for future ills alone,
 Does Hope her lovely tints prepare;
 Where'er she plants her radiant throne,
 Her fascinating woof is thrown
 O'er *present* care.

She whispers this will soon be past,
 And tells of brighter days to come ;
 Or, should the scene be still o'ercast,
 She, sweetly smiling, points at last
 Beyond the tomb !

But black Despair ! the haggard guest,
 A dark'ning scene of war displays,
 She robs the wretch of present rest,
 And paints the future all embattled,
 A dreary maze !

And does she point beyond the tomb,
 To realms of everlasting day ?
 No, no :—to scenes of endless gloom,
 Where angel Hope shall never come
 With one bright ray !

O ! then, misguided man, forbear
 To court the heart-appealing guest ;
 Encourage Hope,—avoid Despair,
 And thou shalt change a weight of care
 For sweetest rest !

“ And thee, O Woman ! form'd of smiling mien,
To temper man, and gild the social scene,
Thus self endow'd, thus arm'd for every state,
T' improve, excel, surmount, subdue your fate !
So shall, at length, enlighten'd Man efface
That slavish stigma scar'd on half the race,—
His rude forefathers' shame ; and, pleas'd confess
'Tis your's to elevate, 'tis your's to bless :
Your interest one with his ; your hopes the same ;
Fair peace in life ; in death, undying fame ;
And bliss in worlds beyond, the species gen'ral aim.
' Rise,' shall he cry, ' O Woman, rise ! be free !
My life's associate, now partake with me :
Rouse thy keen energies, expand thy soul,
And see, and feel, and comprehend the whole ;
My deepest thoughts, intelligent, divide ;
When right, confirm me,—and when erring, guide :
Sooth all my cares, in all my virtues blend,
And be my consort, sister, friend ! ”

Aikin.

THE UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS,

BUT

HAPPY WIFE.

"But in the day of woe, she even rose upon the mind in added majesty: as the dark mountain more sublimely towers, mantled in clouds and storm."

Baily.

CHARLOTTE Christina Sophia de Wolfenbittel, sister of the Empress of Charles the Fifth, was born on the 25th of August, 1694, and had the misfortune to be united to the unworthy son of Czar Peter the First, the miserable Czarovitz Alexius. This princess, though possessed of beauty, grace, and virtue in a very eminent degree, became, perhaps from her very superiority, an object of aversion to her ferocious and savage husband. So great was his hatred, that it must in candour be attributed to aberration of intellect; for he several times attempted to poison her, from which she was saved only by counteracting medicines. At length, he

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one day gave her such a violent kick, when she was far advanced in pregnancy, that she fell senseless on the floor. Peter the First was then engaged in one of his frequent journeys in his empire, and Alexius having every reason to believe he had murdered his unfortunate princess, immediately set off for his country residence. The Countess of Konismarek, mother of the Mareschal de Saxe, attended affectionately on the princess, and when she gave birth to a still-born infant, nursed her with unceasing care. Being sensible, however, that if her royal patient should recover from the present effects of her cruel husband's violence, that she would perish sooner or later from the brutal nature of the czarovitz, she formed a plan to gain over the women who attended the princess, to declare that she and the infant had both died. The czarovitz who doubted not the fact, from the state in which he had seen his unhappy wife, ordered her to be interred without delay or ceremony, couriers were despatched in due form with the intelligence, and all the courts of Europe put on mourning for the bundle of sticks which filled the coffin of the wretched Sophia.

In the mean time, the princess who had been removed to a retired spot, recovered her health and strength; when possessed of a few jewels, and a sum of money her valuable and faithful friend the Countess of Konismarck had procured for her, and clothed in a humble dress, she set off for Paris, accompanied only by an old faithful German domestic, who passed for her father. They arrived by short stages safely at the French capital, made but a short stay there, and having engaged a female attendant, proceeded to a sea-port, where they embarked without delay for Louisiana. Her figure and superior manners soon attracted the notice of the inhabitants, and an officer of the colony, who had resided in Russia, recollected her. Astonished at a recognition which to him appeared the effect of imagination, it was with some difficulty he could persuade himself of the reality of what he saw. "How indeed can it be," he would ask himself, "that a woman in such a situation as I see this interesting lady, could be the daughter-in-law of the great Czar Peter?" However, in order if possible to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, of which he could not divest himself,

he offered his services to the pretended father, and at length formed an intimate friendship with him, so that they agreed to furnish a house and live together at their common expense.

Sometime afterwards, the gazettes which arrived in the colony announced the death of the Czarovitz Alexius.* D'Auband then declared to the princess his knowledge of her, and offered to abandon every thing, in order to conduct her to Russia. But Sophia, finding herself infinitely more happy than she had ever been as the inmate of a palace and on the verge of royalty, declined the generous offer of d'Auband, declaring that she would not sacrifice the tranquillity she enjoyed for all that ambition could offer her. She only therefore exacted from d'Auband, a promise to maintain the most inviolable secrecy, as well as to conduct himself towards her as he had hitherto done. He made the most solemn declaration, that he would obey her commands, and it soon became his dearest interest to be faithful. The beauty, the understanding, the virtues, and misfortunes of the princess, had made a very

* Vide Note at end of Work.

deep impression upon him, and habitual association had ripened into a pure and firm attachment, that interest which her situation was calculated to excite in a heart of feeling. He was young, amiable, and respectful, and Sophia must have been more or less than woman, to have been insensible to his thousand delicate attentions. They continued, however, to live in their usual way, but every day became dearer, and more necessary to each other. In this crisis of their mutual fate, the old German domestic died. He had passed for the father of the princess; and upon his decease, the rules of decorum forbade her longer to reside with d'Auband, as they had hitherto done, under the apparent authority and protection of a parent.

In this delicate situation, equal sufferers at the thought of separation, d'Auband unfolded to her, with respect and diffidence, the sentiments of his heart, and proposed to lend a new veil to her real condition, by becoming her husband and honorable protector. She consented to his proposition, and thus the individual who had been destined to wear the diadem of Russia, and whose sister actually wore that

of the German empire, became, most willingly became, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. An union formed upon the purest principles of love and honor, could not but prove happy. It was blessed by the birth of a daughter, whom Sophia nursed and educated herself, instructing her in the French and German languages.

In this felicitous state of tranquillity and mediocrity, ten years passed rapidly away; at which period d'Auband, the happy husband, was attacked by a disorder, which required the most skilful surgical aid. His wife alarmed at the danger of her beloved husband, entreated that he would consent to remove to France, to consult the most eminent surgeons. Her wishes were a law to d'Auband, and they accordingly sold their habitation, and embarked in the first vessel that sailed for France. On their arrival at Paris, d'Auband was attended by the most skilful surgeons; and till his cure was completed his tender wife never quitted him for a moment, nor suffered any other person to perform those tender offices requisite in his situation; waiting upon him throughout a protracted illness with the most watchful and patient attention.

On his recovery, d'Auband, in order to secure the little fortune which he possessed, solicited from the East-India Company an employment in the isle of Bourbon, where he was accordingly appointed major. While he was engaged in soliciting this appointment, his wife and daughter sometimes went to take the air in the garden of the Thuilleries. One day having seated themselves on a bench, the princess spoke to her daughter in German, that she might not be understood by those who were near. At the instant, Mareschal de Saxe passed by, and hearing two ladies converse in German, regarded them attentively. The princess looking up, instantly recollected the mareschal, and, in evident embarrassment, again directed them to the ground. The mareschal still more attracted by her confusion, suddenly and half incredulously exclaimed, "Is it possible, Madame!" She did not, however, permit him to finish the sentence, but rising from the seat, begged him to accompany her to a more retired part of the garden, where she acknowledged herself; and after having requested his entire secrecy, invited him to return home with her, when she would inform him of every inci-

dent concerning herself. Pressing engagements forbade the mareschal to comply with her invitation on that day, but on the following he made her the promised visit, and heard with astonishment the recital of her adventures, as well as the share the Countess of Konismarck, his mother, had in them. She conjured him at the time she thus confided in him, not to reveal any thing respecting her to the king, till a negociation which her husband was agitating was concluded, which she hoped would be in three months. The mareschal engaged his solemn promise to comply with her desire, and paid frequent visits to her and her husband, in the most secret manner.

The three months being nearly expired, the mareschal, impatient for her permission to make her situation known, called to see the princess, but was informed, much to his mortification, that M. d'Auband and his family had quitted Paris two days before; he having been appointed to a majority in the isle of Bourbon.

On this information, the mareschal immediately proceeded to Versailles, and gave the king an account of every thing that related to

the princess. His majesty directly sent for the minister of marine, M. de Machault, and, without assigning any reason, ordered him to write to the governor of the isles of Mauritius and Bourbon, to treat M. d'Auband with every possible mark of distinction; an order which was punctually executed. The King of France also wrote to the Queen of Hungary, with whom he was then at war, to inform her of the fortune and situation of her aunt. The queen accompanied her letter of thanks to the king for his intelligence with one to the princess, in which she urgently invited her to reside with her; but, on condition that she would quit her husband and daughter, for whom the king engaged to make a suitable provision. But the queen little knew the heart of that faithful and affectionate wife and mother she addressed, who hesitated not a moment, indignantly, but respectfully, in refusing an offer which would separate her from the dearest blessings of her life. Faithful, tender, and happy, she never quitted her beloved husband, but had the grief to survive him, as he died in the year 1747. After she became a widow, she returned to Paris, with a design to retire to a convent, but

the Queen of Hungary offered to fix her at Brussels, with a pension of 20,000 florins, it does not clearly appear, however, whether she accepted this offer; but M. Declos, from whom we have derived this account, adds, "within a few years she resided in a very recluse manner at Vitry, her establishment being no more than three domestics, one of whom was a negro. She was then called Madame de Moldack, but whether assumed, or she had been again married, does not appear."

This was in the year 1768, when M. Declos saw her walking in the vicinity of her residence at Vitry.

MUNICH;
OR, THE EXILED WARRIOR.

————— “O how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes’ favours!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and tears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.” *Shakspeare.*

BUCHARD Christopher Munich, of Huntorf, in Oldenburgh, acquired the art of war under Marlborough and Eugene. He was subsequently in the Polish, and finally in the Russian service, in which latter he acquired glory in the wars against the Turks. He was also prime minister of Russia, in the reign of the Empress Anna Ivanowna, and in that of her successor, Ivan; falling, however, into disgrace during the empire of Elizabeth, he was condemned by her to suffer death, but, after having mounted the scaffold, he received a pardon, his sentence being changed to banishment into Siberia. Count Osterman, his political rival, was sen-

tenced to suffer death at the same time, and in the same manner. He ascended the scaffold to submit himself to the decree; saw the executioner ready with his axe to strike the fatal blow; had his eyes bound, committed his departing soul to heaven, laid his head upon the block; momentarily expected the deadly blow;—was suddenly lifted up, had his eyes unclosed, and was told that the empress had spared his life, but he must go into banishment. Such is the horrid caprice of despotism. Thus mercy itself wore the vizard of cruelty.

The Countess Munich had the liberty of choosing either to accompany her husband into a wild and dreary region, in the north of Asia, for an indefinite period of exile; or to remain with her acquaintance and friends in St. Petersburg. Her choice was instantly made to accompany her husband.

“ Love’s most enthusiast worshipper ! ”
 Who all day long would watch with eye,
 And heart that trembl’d but for him ;
 She wish’d no more, than ev’n in chambers dim
 To gaze, love, listen, weep once more with him.
 Day, midnight, eve, may roll unheeded now,
 Too happy she to think if swift or slow ;
 Nor can the seasons, in their changes, more
 Brighten or chill.” *Captive of Stamboul.*

The commanding-officer of the fortress where the count was confined, was strictly enjoined to allow him no more than the absolute necessities of life; and was commanded to admit of no indulgence, or alleviation of his lot. But fortunately for Munich, gratitude rose superior to cruel policy; the officer had served under him in the Turkish war, and was possessed of a generous and humane disposition. Moved with pity and veneration for his general, in whose gallant exploits he had shared, and conceiving himself out of the reach of information, by the great distance from the capital, he ventured to disobey the rigorous and despotic orders he had received, and did every thing in his power to soften the severity of exile; among various other indulgences, he permitted the count the use of materials for writing, and to have some intercourse with the inhabitants of the country. The countess, in the true spirit of active benevolence, found amusement, pleasure, and consolation during many solitary years, in instructing the children of the neighbouring peasantry. For this alleviation of her misfortune, she was indebted to the same goodness of heart, which had prompted her to quit the circles of admira-

tion and gaiety for the monotony of a lonely desert; for had she been proud, vain, or selfish, she would not have been capable of the sacrifice. But a sense of religious duty, a devoted love to her husband, and a willing forgetfulness of mere self, enabled her to discharge her conjugal and benevolent duties without a murmur. She was rewarded by the sweet consciousness of acting up to her obligations, by the affectionate gratitude of her husband, and the improvement of her youthful pupils, who regarded her as a superior intelligence.

The count, on his part, found ample amusement in the exercises of a well-cultivated understanding, in the employment of his pen, by writing the memoirs of his life, and in drawing. And in the unwearied attentions of his excellent wife, he found unfailing consolation; for although shut out from society,—

“ Yet *she* could sooth the darkness of his cell,
 With glad inventions that shall please as well.
 Romantic harp, and legendary song,
 Still made his hours of exile seem less long:
 And the resounding voice of one so dear,
 Falling like seraph's hymns upon his ear,
 Would sooth each wild anxiety, and still
 The many thoughts that blindly war with will.”

But these sweet alleviations of their captivity were suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. A Russian officer passing through the country, and remaining some days at the fortress, observed the liberty enjoyed by Munich; and, with a diabolic inhumanity, on his return to St. Petersburg, hastened to inform the empress of what he had seen, probably with the view of gaining her favor by his apparent zeal. The same reasons, however, whatever they were, which induced him to inform, led him also greatly to exaggerate. He even insinuated, that the count was plotting against the empress or the state, and that his plans and writings were intended for something beyond amusement.

In consequence of this cruel information, totally unsuspected by those who were to be the victims of it (as he had apparently evinced much interest and admiration of Munich), the generous friend of the count was suddenly recalled from his government, divested of his authority, and even threatened with the punishment of treasonable disobedience. But Munich, in order to exculpate his valued friend, sent to the empress all the papers he possessed; those

memoirs, and all those plans which had been his amusement and his solace during many years of solitude! The effort was a painful one, but the sacrifice was due to his benefactor, and he readily performed the duty of friendship and gratitude. They were burnt,—and never was there a purer or more disinterested oblation on the altar of friendship. He had the consolation of knowing, that the giving up these valuable papers, was the means of preserving his friend from rigorous punishment, but he no more tasted the happiness of seeing him return to Siberia. Twenty-five years had elapsed in this cruel exile, when in the accession of Peter the Third he was recalled from his captivity, and restored to his former honours. He appeared at court in the same sheep-skin dress he had been accustomed to wear in his exile. One of the first persons he met with at court after his return, was his ancient enemy and rival, Count Osterman, who it has been mentioned was exiled at the same period as himself, and was now also at court for the first time since his recall. How complicated and how singular, must have been the emotions of these two remarkable men, on this unexpected

and extraordinary co-incidence of situation and meeting! They had been equally ambitious; had each possessed eminent and perhaps equal political abilities, had been engaged in the same pursuits; competitors for the same political pre-eminence, in violent opposition to each other, had each suffered the disappointment of their towering hopes; been each disgraced, suffered similar punishment, and were now, after the same long period of exile, in the same manner and the same period recalled, and were each in the antechamber of their sovereign to acknowledge his favor.

Could any germ of their ancient animosity remain in the heart of either? Would those hearts not rather glow with a genuine sympathy for the misfortunes of each other, and a sweet complacency be diffused over feelings once so strong and irritable? Would they not powerfully feel the genuine force and beauty of good will and union, and despising the littleness of their former dissensions and feeling, the insufficiency of ambition to confer happiness, would not their souls seem united by ties of reciprocal amity? Such was perhaps the impulse of their feelings, and such perhaps they had been

proved had they met *alone*, and been at liberty to indulge the burst of nature. But the presence of so many spectators, beholding them with the eager gaze of curiosity, restrained their emotions, and impressed them with the dread of impropriety in giving way to their feelings.

That the heart of Munich was prepared (had circumstances been favorable) to flow in a full and sweet stream of kindness and complacency, appears probable from the following anecdote. Soon after his return from St. Petersburg, the person who had so maliciously and cruelly informed against the officer who had shown the count such kindness, sought an opportunity of waiting upon him, threw himself at his feet, and supplicated his forgiveness. "Go," said the venerable count, "were my heart like your's, perhaps I might seek for revenge; but as I am out of your reach, you have no reason to be afraid."

* Munich died not long after the accession of Catharine the Second, and, although much solicited, he never would accept any marks of her favour; but lived in retirement, and died at Riga. "I am an old man," he would sometimes say, "I have already suffered many mis-

fortunes; and if I purchased a few years of life by the prostitution of my opinions, I should make but a bad exchange." He had at the period of Peter's dethronement, given him some very spirited counsel. "Go forth," said he, "put yourself at the head of the troops you have with you, or go forth alone; address the two regiments that are marching against you: Tell them you are their sovereign, the grandson of Peter the Great; ask them, if they have been aggrieved? and assure them of full redress; I will forfeit my hoary head, if they do not fling down their arms, and fall prostrate before you." But the result is well known; Peter was blind and infatuated, he attempted escape rather than the magnanimous confidence in his subjects the veteran Munich recommended; was seized, thrown into prison, where he expired in a few days, no one doubts by what means, and the revolution of 1762 was accomplished, which placed upon the throne of Russia the extraordinary Catharine, whose complex character defies definition: whose faults arose principally from that passion, the rock upon which so many of her sex have been wrecked,—vanity; but whose power, whose

glory, whose political crimes, and private weaknesses must ever render her an interesting subject of human study.

“Blest in her sway, her subjects might disown
The unnumber’d evils of despotic rule ;
And tho’ a crime had fix’d her on the throne,
She reign’d by precepts drawn from virtue’s school.”



VICTOR AMADEUS;

OR, THE ABDICATED MONARCH.

“Is it not possible to live as happily after having occupied high stations, as before they were obtained? No: every effort will ever be effectual to carry you back to the point from which it first enabled you to move, and the re-action will throw you farther back than when you first began to ascend. It is the great and cruel character of the passions, to tinge the whole of life with the violence of their operations, and to communicate the happiness they may afford only to a few moments of our existence.”

Stahl.

POPE Paul the Third, having created his natural son, Peter Lewis Farnese, Duke of Parma, the sovereignty of the Parmesan remained in the Farnese family till the year 1731; when, as the failure of the male line seemed inevitable, it had been agreed, by the famous quadruple alliance, that the Duke of Savoy, in consideration of certain advantages in Italy, should exchange with the emperor the island of Sicily for that of Sardinia, of which he should take the regal title; and that the emperor should

confer on Don Carlos, son to the young Queen of Spain, descended from the Farnese family, the investiture of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Tuscany, on the death of the then possessors. This settlement was determined by a treaty between the courts of Vienna and Madrid, ratified at Vienna, 1725: and by a treaty, ratified in 1729, at Seville, Great Britain engaged to assist the Spaniards, in bringing six thousand Spanish troops into Tuscany and Parma; but the emperor, jealous or apprehensive of the growing ambition and power of Spain, determined to oppose the entry of those troops into Italy, and made the most vigorous exertions for that purpose. He first sent a considerable army into Tuscany and the Parmesan, and having engaged the Grand Duke of Florence on his side, he was sensible it would be very advantageous to his cause, could he also engage in his interests the King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus. With this view, he signified to that prince, one of the most politic of his time, that if he would unite with him, he would furnish him, in case of necessity, with an army of 12,000 men, consisting of 8000 foot and 4000 horse, to act in concert with the Germans; that

he would appoint him governor of the Milanese for life; and, to enable him to hold his troops in readiness to march at the shortest notice, that he would immediately pay down to him 300,000 Philips. Amadeus accepted these conditions; and the emperor ordered the money to be paid, providing, that he should refund it, if he had no occasion for the 12,000 men.

This treaty was concluded, and signed at Milan, by the ambassadors of the emperor and those of the Sardinian king, June, 1730. Some time after this, the Spanish ambassador, then at Genoa, visited the court of Turin *incognito*; and, in a *private* audience with Amadeus, offered him on the part of the king his master (Philip the Fifth), the cities of Novare and Pavia, together with several adjacent territories beyond the Tessin, which now constitute a part of the dukedom of Milan and belong to the emperor, on condition, that he would join him, to expel the imperialists out of Italy, unless they would allow Don Carlos the unmolested possession of the Parmesan. Victor regarding these offers of Spain much more advantageous than those of the imperial court, and suspecting that England and France would co-operate

with Spain, in driving the emperor's forces out of Italy, willingly accepted the terms, and treacherously promised to assist Don Carlos with his army against the imperialists. Notwithstanding his great precaution to conceal this new and perfidious alliance, the emissaries of the emperor entertained some suspicions of the fact; of consequence, these were communicated to the emperor, who greatly indignant at the duplicity of Amadeus, gave immediate orders to the governor of Milan, to threaten him with his heaviest vengeance. Amadeus excused himself, as well as he was able, by basely denying the charge. But when he was subsequently informed, by his ambassador at Vienna, that the Aulic council seemed disposed to enter into the measures of the allies of Seville, he was filled with terror and consternation, from the well-grounded apprehension, that the two powers would undoubtedly take signal vengeance on his perfidy, to the ruin of his public interests, and his utter private disgrace.

Agitated by a thousand contending emotions, the effects of his own cupidity and ambition, and at a loss how to recover the base and false step he had taken, Amadeus, after many a

severe struggle, resolved to divest himself of the sovereignty, till his affairs should assume a more favorable aspect. Pressed down by his dastard fears, and unable to bear the penalty of his own baseness, he hoped he might thus shelter himself from the storm which was ready to burst over his head; and that a pretended abdication of the crown, by extricating him from the embarrassing engagements he had formed, would tend to silence the clamour he might well apprehend would be raised against him. Previous to the execution of this strange project, he judged it proper, by communicating some part of his designs to his son, the Prince of Piedmont, to prepare him for the important event. With this view, some time previous to his abdication, he retired with him daily into a private apartment; and addressed him with all the wiliness of a consummate hypocrite. "My dear son," he would say, "I am not yet so much sunk under the infirmities of old age, as I am oppressed by the anxious cares that attend on sovereignty; I am therefore disposed to retire from public affairs, in order to unbend my mind, and, in the mean-time, commit the reins of government into your hands. The bur-

then, my son, is heavy, and my fears are great, lest at such an age you should prove unequal to its weight. Your experience in state affairs is small; for you know, that I have hitherto avoided to initiate you into the mysteries of politics, or to trust to any one the affairs of the state. I have hitherto governed my subjects without the aid of any minister. But it is an art, only to be attained by long experience and patient attention. It is therefore absolutely necessary, that you should in the beginning of your reign have some sage mentor, to direct your proceedings, and enable you to maintain, or even increase, that authority with which I am now about to invest you. But as it is very dangerous for a prince, in early life, to repose unlimited confidence in any of his subjects, however exalted in rank or eminent for talent, I have resolved, until you are qualified to govern alone, myself to take the charge of directing you. On these terms, my son, I have resolved to surrender to you my crown; consider them dispassionately, and inform me, whether they are suited to your inclinations."

The Prince of Piedmont replied with the most profound respect to these plausible dis-

courses: "That his majesty might do what seemed to him meet, and that while he enjoyed that life derived from him, he might remain assured of his respect and fidelity; that whether his majesty chose to divest himself of royalty or not, he should ever regard it as his indispensable duty to yield the most entire obedience to his will; and that whatever changes he might judge necessary, he should always respect him as his father and his king." Such declarations, often repeated, by a young prince, hitherto a stranger to the arts of dissimulation, gave entire satisfaction even to him who was well versed in its devious paths; and he determined no longer to delay the execution of a scheme from which he expected to save his honour, and, of consequence, some return of tranquillity.

Accordingly, he issued on the 2nd of September, 1730, an order for all the great military, civil, and ecclesiastical officers of the state to assemble on the morrow, at the castle of Rivole. There, after having summoned a council of state, he declared, that he made a general abdication of his kingdom, and of all his dominions, in favour of his son, Charles Emmanuel, Prince

of Piedmont: then having ordered all those who had come from Turin, in obedience to his mandate, to be admitted, the Marquis del Bergo, secretary of state, read the act of abdication with a loud voice; after which, Amadeus addressed the assembly as follows: "The innumerable troubles and toils which I have undergone, without intermission, during a reign of fifty years, without mentioning the infirmities to which all men are liable, and the age to which I have attained, would have been more than enough to render the burthen of government heavy and intolerable to me. Besides," added the hypocrite, "as my end is now drawing nigh; and as I begin to regard death as the common lot of princes and their subjects, I consider myself as bound, by the most sacred obligations, to interpose some space between the throne and the grave. These motives have impelled me to that measure, which I have this day adopted; and especially, as Providence seems to favour my intentions, by bestowing upon me a son worthy of succeeding me, and of governing my people,—a son endowed with all those qualities that adorn a deserving prince. I have therefore resolved, without hesitation,

to transfer to him, by a solemn act, signed this day with my own hand, the supreme authority over all my dominions; and determined to pass the remainder of my days at a distance from the affairs of state and the intrigues of a court. I exhort you, therefore, to serve the king, my well-beloved son, with the same inviolable fidelity which you have ever demonstrated towards myself; assuring you, at the same time, that I have earnestly recommended you to his royal favour." This speech was received with shouts of applause, and the abdicated king and his newly-invested son retired amid the *vivas* of the multitude.

Amadeus, upon his abdication, had recommended it to his son, to cause all the estates of his nobility and gentry to be surveyed, and to proportion their taxes to the extent of their possessions. Had this measure been carried into execution, it would indeed have augmented the revenues of the crown, but it would inevitably have ruined the nobility. Charles, however, did not adopt it; which gave so great offence to the abdicated monarch, that he wrote to his son more in the tone of a master, than of a father. And when he found his son

still resolved not to put so unpopular and ruinous a measure into execution, he, with the characteristic restlessness of a covetous and ambitious mind, formed the resolution of resuming the reins of power.

Amadeus had reserved for himself a yearly pension of 50,000 crowns, and retained only a few domestics about his person. He had made choice of the castle of Chamberry, for the place of his residence; to which he repaired a few days subsequent to his abdication, being then in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and a widower since August, 1728. He had left a mistress in Piedmont, a lady known by the title of Countess de St. Sebastian, who, as she greatly influenced the succeeding events in the life of Amadeus, it will be proper here to introduce. Her maiden name was de Cumiane. While yet under fifteen years of age, she was maid of honour to the queen-dowager, the mother of Amadeus. This prince, then in his thirtieth year, took more delight in the gay conversation of the ladies of his mother's court, than in canvassing the affairs of state; or rather, perhaps, he sought among them a sweet relaxation from political difficulties and in-

trigues; and such amusement was the more agreeable to him, that the queen, who was no less addicted to gaiety than himself, admitted those only in her train who were remarkable for their beauty.* Thus the prince and the young lords of his court enjoyed variety, but were exempted from the possibility of disgust or satiety:

At length, Amadeus, fixing his affections on the young and beautiful de Cumiane, manifested his attachment by heaping upon her extraordinary favours; and, indeed, the evidences of the intrigue soon became apparent in the symmetry of the young favorite. The queen-dowager, who was the faithful confidant of her son, promised to save his beloved Cumiane from the public disgrace which must attach to her, should her situation become generally known; and accordingly found but little difficulty in bestowing her in marriage to the Count de Sebastian, her *premier corregeo*, whose deli-

* The queen had been educated at the court of France, being the daughter of the Duke de Nemours, who was killed in a duel with the Duke de Beaufort, which was the occasion of Lewis issuing his famous edict prohibiting duels on pain of death.

cacy of mind shrunk not from the alliance which admitted him into such an intimate connection with his sovereign. The countess, upon her union with this *obliging* courtier, was appointed one of the queen's dames d'honneur, and continued to be *honoured* by the tender assiduities of the king. Sometimes, however, when a new intrigue intervened, these attentions were interrupted.

But even when the countess no longer possessed the exclusive affection of Amadeus, she had the address so effectually to secure his friendship and esteem, that she still maintained her influence over him ; and when she was left a widow, in 1723, the king undertook the care of her children. He at the same time appointed her an apartment communicating with his own, which enabled him to visit her as familiarly and frequently as he desired, without observation or scandal. He afterwards named her one of the ladies in the train of the Princess of Piedmont. Such had been the fortune of the Countess de St. Sebastian, till the abdication of Amadeus. As soon as she received information of this event, a thousand visions of ambition floated before her imagination ; and

being well versed in the subtleties of court-intrigue, she resolved to bring them all into action, to realize the dreams of her fancy. She accordingly went immediately to the confessor of the king, and also to his spiritual director. She suggested to them, with all the pathetic eloquence of a fond and injured woman, that the king, in order to make reparation to her injured honour, had frequently, since the decease of the queen his consort, promised to unite himself with her by a private marriage; and, that now having abdicated the throne, he ought not any longer to delay the performance of his promise; for having thus descended to a level with private persons, he could with less difficulty fulfil the duty of a Christian, and a man of honour. She then delicately promised the two ecclesiastics, that, if through their intervention, she became the wife of their royal master, she would use all her influence with him as her husband, in order to promote them to the highest dignities of the church.

Engaged by promises so gratifying to their ambition, and won by the pleasing and insinuating address of the countess, those ecclesiastics promised and did every thing in their power to

promote her designs; nor did they find any great difficulty in rendering their endeavours effectual, for Amadeus was very well pleased to have so captivating a companion in his retirement, to whom, as to another self, he might confide his most secret sentiments. The result was, his sending for her, and solemnizing his marriage publicly. He then demanded 100,000 crowns of the king his son, which sum was immediately granted him; and he presented it to his bride, that she might purchase with it an estate for the children of her former marriage; and, with this view, she purchased the marquissate of Spigno, of which she took the title.

Amadeus during the first four months of his marriage appeared perfectly happy in his retirement, and the marchioness assiduously studied to suit herself to his humour, assuming the appearance of happiness; but real happiness inhabits not the breast where ambition has entered. The mind devoted to its restless emotions, is rendered incapable of any other mode of existence. The soul given up to the torments of uncertainty and apprehension, knows no rest, enjoys no tranquillity. Under a tranquil exterior, the marchioness was continually

watching opportunities to awaken the discontent of Amadeus with his situation, and to sound his real sentiments. Observing him dissatisfied with the accommodations of his residence, and hearing him sometimes propose alterations, she artfully but strenuously dissuaded him from his purpose, by representing to him that it was not worth his while to repair an old castle, which was falling into ruin; that he would never be able to render it commodious, but by pulling it down, and erecting a new one; and for this, where was the necessity when his majesty possessed so many palaces in Piedmont, amongst which he surely might find a fit residence, and in a climate confessedly more favorable to his health than that of Savoy?

By artful suggestions and arguments of this kind, the wily marchioness endeavoured to give her husband a disgust to his residence at Chamberry, and to persuade him to return into Piedmont. They did but agitate him however in the present state of his affairs, which rendered it necessary, in order to keep up the farce he had undertaken to perform, that he should not return into Piedmont; but his reasons he yet had the prudence to conceal from his intriguing

companion, who, on her part, had far other motives than those she had disclosed to persuade his removal; and which she also artfully concealed, until she could discover how far they might correspond with the inclinations of Amadeus. In the mean-time, she bent her whole mind to insinuate herself more and more, by the most delicate flattery and affected fondness, into his good graces and confidence; and so successful were her endeavours, that the reserve of Amadeus began to dissolve before the warmth of her unceasing, but never obtrusive professions. He one day told her tenderly, to check her impatience but a little, and she should obtain what she so earnestly wished; for that it never had been his intention (notwithstanding what he had made his son believe on his abdication of the crown), to pass the remainder of his days at Chamberry.

After this unusual mark of confidence, the marchioness was convinced that it would be easy to penetrate into the secret motives of his abdication, to which she had hitherto remained a stranger. From this period, with redoubled art, and the most keen penetration, she studied to discover his secret sentiments. She well

knew, by long experience, how to avail herself of those soft and favorable moments of access, in which a wife can obtain a boon from a husband; she seized a propitious instant, and learned from the unguarded Amadeus, that it was his intention to resume the crown in two years. "Two years!" exclaimed the marchioness, in a transport of mingled mortification and joy; "and why will you defer it to so distant a period?" The king's soul had been gained; it was now unfolded to the insinuating partner of his fate. He communicated to her the secret motives of his abdication, with the reasons which rendered it necessary he should not resume the crown until the differences between the emperor and the king of Spain, with regard to Parmesan and Tuscany, should be terminated, either by a peace or war; previous to which event, he could not extricate himself from his engagements, consistently with his interests or his honour; for, on the one hand, should he join the allies of the treaty of Seville, in the expectation of their sending a powerful army to support him in Italy, he might very easily be overpowered by the Germans; or should he, on the other hand, declare in favour

of the emperor, the allies would not fail to take the severest vengeance on him, if they ever gained the superiority ; which in all probability would happen, as the emperor and himself would never (he feared) be able to oppose with effect four powers so formidable, as England, France, Holland, and Spain. As he had been so *unfortunate* as to enter into engagements with the emperor and the allies at the same time, he had been able to devise no other expedient to repair his fault, than by abdicating his throne in favour of his son ; recommending him to maintain a neutrality with regard to the contending powers, until their disputes should be brought to an issue.

The marchioness approved, or feigned to approve the conduct of her husband, and cheerfully agreed to remain at Chamberry, where they might watch for the favorable opportunity to effect their designs. But under the disguise of assumed content and patience, the ambitious and haughty marchioness continued frequently, but guardedly, to suggest to Amadeus, that it would be highly proper he should exercise, at times, that sovereign authority, which he still retained over his son and his ministers, that it

might not insensibly be lost. This advice too well accorded with the wishes of the king, for him to hesitate in putting it in practice; he readily entered into her views, and with mean hypocrisy thanked his insinuating adviser for her judicious suggestions. He accordingly ordered his son to attend him at Chamberry, to receive his instructions relative to some important concerns; and the prince obeyed him with all the readiness of a subject. In the same manner, he commanded the ministers of state and several of the chief officers of the court, to attend his person; and he was obeyed as if he had been still *their* sovereign. It was the beginning of August, 1731, that Amadeus learned that the emperor had at length consented to permit Don Carlos, with six thousand Spaniards, to enter Italy.

This intelligence was immediately communicated to the marchioness, who received it with undissembled pleasure; because she believed, that the hopes she had so long cherished were now about to be realized, and she saw herself able to execute the scheme she had so long meditated. With a fascinating grace, of which she was a perfect mistress, she congratulated

lated Amadeus upon the favorable prospect the emperor's resolve had opened to him, and tenderly observed, "now was the time to return into Piedmont, and to resume the crown, whilst his son and his subjects yet retained for him sentiments of respect and obedience; that any delay at that period might prove eternally fatal to his restoration, especially should the emperor and Don Carlos recognize his son as king of Sardinia; that the young king by being any longer accustomed to the charms of sovereignty, might begin to feel their influences too powerfully, and be unwilling to renounce them, again to descend to the rank of a subject." These oft-repeated arguments made a strong impression upon the mind of Amadeus, to the bias of which they were so favorable. In fact, he seemed more jealous than ever of his authority, though in appearance he had surrendered it so entirely. He now, therefore, determined, without further delay, to return into Piedmont; and having signified his intention to his son, the castle of Montcalier was by his order immediately prepared for his reception; and, before the close of the month, Amadeus and the rejoicing marchioness left

Chamberry, and fixed their residence at Montcalier.

Charles Emmanuel, with the principal noblemen of his court, immediately attended his father, with congratulations on his safe return. The archbishop and magistrates of Turin paid him similar marks of respect. The queen herself, accompanied by many ladies of her court, visited the Marchioness de Spigno, and showed her the most flattering marks of esteem and friendship. In short, Amadeus and his consort, since their return into Piedmont, seemed to be the real sovereigns. The hopes and expectations of Amadeus strengthened in proportion; and from the result of several conversations, in which he artfully sounded the sentiments of the ministers, and even the soldiers, he was persuaded, that he might re-ascend the throne without opposition. So apt his man to be deceived by the wishes of his heart!

Alas! we listen to our own fond hopes,
 Even till they seem no more our fancy's children,
 We put them on the prophets' robes, endow them
 With prophets' voices, and then believe
 That heaven speaks in them!
 And that we would have be, shall surely be!

Fully persuaded that the officers of the army would concur in his designs, he wrote to Marschal Rebhinder, in very general, though flattering and insinuating terms. But that general, who was commander-in-chief of the forces, was immediately sensible of how much consequence it was to destroy every expectation in Amadeus of ever again mounting the throne. He replied accordingly to the letter of the king, that he acknowledged himself his debtor in all he possessed,—his estate, his honours, and his dignities. “Your majesty,” he adds, “has made me what I am. I owe nothing to King Charles Emmanuel, and all my expressions of obligation are due only to your majesty. But of all the favours with which you have loaded me, I have always held the honour of your esteem to be the most precious. Permit me then, Sire, to preserve this honour inviolate, which, I will take the liberty to say, I have acquired at the expense of that blood which I have shed in your service. But I should forfeit it, Sire, were I unfortunate enough to prove disloyal to that king whom you have set over me, and to whom you have bound me to yield obedience. I will maintain the same fidelity

to him, that I have done to your majesty, and I will lose the last drop of my blood in support of his throne. At the same time, Sire, I shall be at all times ready to give your majesty the most unequivocal evidence of my respectful attachment; fully sensible, that you will never impose upon me any commands that may be inconsistent with that justice and honour which have hitherto been the rule of my actions." The emotions which this noble and magnanimous reply created in the bosom of Anadeus he carefully concealed, but they were not the less powerful; and on the 28th of September, 1731, evidenced themselves in action. The day had been passed in a state of evident anxiety and perturbation of mind, and towards evening, being alone with the marchioness, he suddenly ordered a courier to attend him, by whom he despatched a message to the Marquis del Borgo, with commands to attend him immediately. The marquis, without the slightest suspicion of the motive of the peremptory mandate, obeyed without hesitation the summons, as he had been wont on many former occasions. Immediately on his entering the apartment, the king said to him, " Del Borgo,

I have sent for you to sup with my wife and me, that you may endeavour by your good humour to remove a headache with which she is oppressed ; and after supper, I will impart to you an affair that will give you pleasure." The marquis with profound respect acknowledged the honour which his majesty had done him, and took his seat at the table. The king was in high spirits during the repast, and entertained the marquis with a flow of humour and gaiety. When it was concluded and the attendants withdrawn, the king, assuming his usual dignity and earnestness, said, " Del Borgo, it has given me great pleasure to observe that my son has retained in his service the same persons whom I employed myself; since I know not where he could have chosen any equal in fidelity, abilities, or experience. I doubt not, at the same time, but you know sufficiently that it was at my earnest desire, that he employed the same ministers on whom I myself during my reign had fixed my choice; and I hope, that, as well out of duty as of gratitude, you are still firmly attached to him who has been the maker of your fortunes." Thus can a proud and ambitious man meanly cancel the

obligations he has conferred, by reminding the recipient of them!

The marquis unaffectedly and earnestly replied, that, his majesty might always firmly rely on his obedience, as well on the affection of all the ministers and officers of the king his son, in the same manner and degree as if he were yet their sovereign; and that, in regard to himself, he would, on all occasions, demonstrate to him the sincerity of his inviolable attachment. The king still preserving his haughty and authoritative tone, in which he had ever been accustomed to address his ministers, replied, "We are so fully convinced, Del Borgo, that you are entirely devoted to our service, that we have ever distinguished you above all our ministers by our particular regard; we have always selected you from among the rest, in order to intrust to you our most important affairs; and we have now made choice of you to be the depository of our most secret resolutions. It is now about a year since we have abdicated the throne, in favour of our well-beloved son Charles Emmanuel, from the motives which we set forth at Rivole, on the day of our abdication; to which it may

be added, that we had also in view to try how that prince would demean himself in the character of a sovereign, that we might in our life-time, assist him with our advice, and be able to leave you after our decease a prince worthy of filling the throne. And though we have been entirely satisfied with his administration, yet the interest of our state lays us under an indispensable obligation to resume the government, as we are now upon the eve of seeing very important revolutions in Italy, which might prove destructive to our son and to his subjects, were the administration then vested in a young prince, yet inexperienced in those wiles and mysteries of political art, which a sovereign who would maintain his power, is under the necessity of employing. For these reasons, marquis, we command you to deliver up to us the act of our abdication; and then to signify our intentions to our son, and to his ministers, in order that we may be invested without delay, with the sovereignty; for such is our will and pleasure."

A declaration so unexpected threw the marquis into the utmost consternation; and he was utterly at a loss how to extricate himself

from an affair of so much delicacy and danger. For, on the one hand, had he given a positive refusal to the haughty and impetuous Amadeus, who had been little used to contradiction, he ran the risk of transporting him into a fury, of which it was probable he would quickly become the victim; and, on the other hand, if he had yielded to his imperious mandate, he would have proclaimed himself a rebel against his just and lawful king, and have incurred the penalty of high treason. In this embarrassing situation, the astonished minister artfully endeavoured, by an excuse full of submission and flattery, to avert the storm which impended, and with the utmost humility entreated the king to reflect, that it was not in his power to restore the act of abdication until he had first obtained permission of the king of Sardinia, to whom as his majesty knew he had sworn fealty. The king, however, enraged at the smallest appearance of opposition to his commands, interrupted the marquis in the midst of his conciliating address. "Del Borgo" he exclaimed with haughtiness, "do you acknowledge any other sovereign than me? To whom did you first swear fealty, to me or to my son?"

Are you not a traitor, both ungrateful and disloyal, to him who has raised you to that eminence you possess; and to whom you have but to this moment professed perpetual obedience? But I shall easily find means to bring you back to your duty, should you fail to obey me instantly."

The marquis, terrified at the fiery emotion of the king, resumed, as soon as a pause allowed him, "Sire, if you will deign to listen to me but one moment, I trust to convince you that I am not the dishonorable man you think me. It is true, that by your orders, I have entered into a new allegiance to the king your son, but, notwithstanding this, I have ever regarded you as my just and lawful sovereign; and, in order to convince you, Sire, of my entire respect and obedience, I will bring you the act of abdication to-morrow morning, without mentioning the affair to any person whatsoever, and the only favour I shall request in return is, that you should justify my proceeding to the king your son." This temporizing answer somewhat pacified the impetuous Amadeus, who thus eagerly sought again to mount a throne, which a distracted imagination had in-

duced him to abandon. After obliging the marquis repeatedly to promise that he would religiously keep his word, he suffered him to retire; but he had scarcely departed, than with all the suspicion which must invariably accompany the consciousness of not acting consistently and justly, he repented of having discovered his intentions. Distrust of his son and his ministers now filled his mind; apprehensions that they would oppose his designs perturbed his soul, and he was agitated alternately with the most powerful emotions of ambition and revenge. Such is the corrupting nature of these passions, that they envelop the soul in selfishness; ranking those who surround them only as instruments or obstacles, they are regarded only as they further the wishes, and are hated in proportion as they are supposed to counteract them. At one instant, Amadeus flattered himself with the hopes of success, from the docile, affectionate, and yielding disposition of his son; at another, he was tortured by the most agonizing apprehensions, lest that prince, having once tasted the pleasures of unbounded liberty, and of absolute power, should refuse to submit again to the authority

of a father so stern and rigid as himself, and now so averse to the pursuits of pleasure. Such contending emotions, such reflections sunk his spirit even to despondency ; nor did he know of any resource to which he could apply : but self-stripped of his power, supposing himself abandoned by his friends, he believed himself devoted to the utmost rigour of fate. He might justly have said, in the words of our immortal bard,

“ I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory,—
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.”

The marchioness, who had hitherto been wont to enliven (with constant success) his solitary hours, and could ever banish by her gaiety and tender assiduities his occasional dejection, now was fearful even of uttering a word, lest she might irritate his resentment, and draw on herself the effects of his displeasure. In this state of gloomy despondency and irritable temper the unhappy Amadeus continued; fre-

quently exhibiting indications of partial aberration of intellect. Sometimes he remained in a state of pensive melancholy, heaving deep sighs; sometimes given up to transports of the most outrageous fury, sometimes traversing his chamber for hours together in the greatest perturbation, and disclosing in broken sentences the internal agitation of his soul.

He continued thus pacing his apartment till after the hour of midnight, when he suddenly stopped, and addressing himself to the marchioness, as if just awakened from a troubled dream, he exclaimed, "My resolution is formed; order my horse to be got ready for me without delay." Not daring to entreat him to calm himself, or to disobey, the marchioness, trembling and silent, reluctantly left the apartment to give the order, for which she was unable to guess the motive. Quickly as the command was obeyed, it was yet too tardy for the impatience of Amadeus. He mounted his horse with agitation, attended by one valet de chambre, and speedily presented himself at the gate of the citadel of Turin, demanding in a peremptory tone immediate admittance.

One of the officers of the citadel instantly

acquainted the Baron de St. Remis with the sudden arrival of the King Amadeus. The baron, almost paralyzed with astonishment, could hardly be made to believe the truth of the assertion: to ascertain it, he hastened himself to the citadel-gate, and there actually discovered Amadeus, in the greatest impatience to be admitted. The governor respectfully desired to be informed, what was his pleasure with him? "Open the gate this instant," replied he, "and I will inform you." The baron firmly answered, that if he had any orders to honour him with, he must deliver them from the spot where he then was, or send them to him in writing, for that he could by no means consistently with his duty open the gate at such an hour, without permission from his sovereign, to whom he owed an obedience and fidelity he was resolved never to violate.

The king had nothing to reply to these honorable reasons and repulse, therefore, overwhelmed with confusion, mortification, and rage, returned to Montcalier. He had expected, that the baron would have received him into the citadel without scruple, because he owed the place which he then enjoyed to his good

offices; and he had flattered himself with the hopes, that were he but once admitted, he might be able by means of the governor to place himself at the head of the troops stationed in the place, and thus to compel his son to resign the crown; if he should not be disposed to surrender it voluntarily. But now all his deep-laid schemes were frustrated, by the unshaken loyalty of men he imagined as versatile, not to say base as himself.

Overwhelmed (for the disappointments of ambition have no consolation) with the keenest agony, he threw himself on a couch, without uttering a word to the alarmed marchioness, who hung over him in the greatest distress, at observing an agitation, the cause of which she was ignorant, and feared to increase by any inquiry. In the meanwhile the Marquis del Borgo had returned in haste to Turin, and proceeded immediately to court, demanding with the strongest marks of consternation an instant audience of the king. Upon this, one of the ladies of the bedchamber instantly arose, and hastened to awake the king, informing him with much trepidation, that it was by the order of the Marquis del Borgo, who was then wait-

ing in the antechamber to confer with him, concerning affairs of the highest moment. The king instantly arose, and having entered his closet, gave orders to admit the marquis, and him alone. He was then informed by the agitated minister, of the intention of the king his father to resume the crown, and of his commands to restore into his hands the act of abdication, and at the same time to announce his resolution to his majesty and his ministers. The king immediately, without the smallest emotion, replied to the marquis, "That since he had ascended the throne by his father's command, and with the universal approbation of the people, he held it to be a duty that he owed them, to consult their sentiments before he resigned his authority." And as the shortness of the time required decisive measures, he immediately commanded the attendance of the ministers of state, the Archbishop of Turin, and other great officers of the crown; in order to deliberate, in full council, on an affair of such delicacy and importance, on which depended the happiness and tranquillity of the realm. The ministers being accordingly assembled with all possible despatch, the king com-

municated to them the intentions of Amadeus, informing them, at the same time, with dignity and candour, that for his part, in order to convince his father of his filial affection and obdience, and of his entire desire to conform himself to his will, he was perfectly ready to surrender to him the power with which he had intrusted him, but that it was a step that he could not resolve to take, without previously consulting their inclinations and opinions. Upon this, the illustrious assembly simultaneously arose, and after testifying, in proper terms, their deep sense of the deference which his majesty had paid to them, the archbishop, in the name of the rest, spoke their sentiments: "That since his majesty had permitted them to declare their sentiments upon a subject so momentous, it appeared to him, that King Amadeus having more than a year preceding voluntarily surrendered the crown, in the most solemn manner that could be devised, and for reasons set forth by himself in his speech on that occasion (which was inserted in the act of abdication), it appeared to him," he said, "that the king could not have any just or reasonable motive to resume the crown at that

or any time, since he must have been fully satisfied with his majesty's administration, which had been equally agreeable to his subjects, and calculated to promote the ease and happiness of King Amadeus, who enjoyed the submission and respect due to a sovereign, without being subjected to the troubles and cares which attend that exalted station; that for these reasons, although that prince had so soon retracted what he had solemnly sworn to preserve inviolable, he did not appear to be influenced by just or reasonable motives; and that it might be strongly suspected, that he had been instigated in the affair only by the boundless pride of the marchioness his consort, who had often since her marriage, betrayed an eager desire to be declared queen; and as they had every reason to believe this to be the fact, his majesty was in honour and duty bound to preserve the crown, and to prevent his subjects from falling a prey to the insatiable ambition of a vain, mischievous, and haughty woman." He added, that "he could not forbear admiring and applauding that dutiful submission which his majesty professed to the will of his father; but that, in this instance, his obedience instead

of meriting applause would become the subject of censure, as it would prove ruinous to his own interests and to those of his people; that the interest of the public should ever rule the actions of a sovereign; and, therefore, that he ought to reject, without a scruple, every measure that tended to obstruct this general view." All the members of the council unanimously concurred with the venerable prelate in opinion, and approved of the dutiful remonstrance which he had offered to his majesty.

As they were deliberating upon the measures it would be proper to adopt, in order to avoid the calamities which threatened the peace of the royal family and of the state, they were interrupted by a loud and sudden knocking at the gate of the hall of deliberation. The Marquis del Borgo, by his majesty's command, went to examine into the cause, and found it was an officer despatched from the citadel by the Baron de St. Remis, with a letter to the king, containing an account of the recent extraordinary demand of Amadeus, to be admitted into the citadel.

The king and his council were thrown into the greastest alarm and dilemma by the infor-

mation, and they agreed, with one voice, on the necessity of immediately seizing the persons of Amadeus and the marchioness, in order to secure the tranquillity of the king, as well as the state, the repose of both being endangered by the conduct of Amadeus. The young king was greatly affected, and exclaimed with a voice of agony against the measure, "What, make my father be seized! No," said he, "it is impossible I should ever consent to it."

It was a long time before he could be persuaded to agree to the measure; and it was only in compliance with the pressing entreaties of his council, that he was at length prevailed upon most reluctantly to yield his consent. When he signed the order, his hand trembled so violently, that the secretary of state was obliged to guide the pen; and he evinced the strongest and most unaffected sorrow, at the step his duty as a king obliged him to take.

The execution of this bold enterprise, was of necessity committed to twenty officers of tried integrity, and most intrepid resolution, accompanied by a detachment of dragoons and infantry; and the Count de la Prouse, lieutenant-general of the forces, was charged with the

peculiar delicate duty of seizing the person of the king, with the assistance of a picked detachment of troops intrusted to him for that purpose. These troops had been drawn out from Turin and the places adjacent; they sallied forth at the same instant from their stations, and without knowing their destination, marching in profound silence, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet. At length they reached the castle of Montcalier, the station appointed them, and it was immediately surrounded by dragoons. The Count de la Perouse, attended by the Chevalier de Solave, lieutenant-colonel of the guards, at the head of a detachment of grenadiers with mounted bayonets, ascended the staircase which led to the apartment of the king; and the Marquis D'Ormea, secretary of state, who was the bearer of the order signed by Charles Emmanuel, with another detachment of grenadiers, took possession of the back stairs. De la Perouse, finding the door of the king's apartment locked, gave orders that it should be forced open, and there seized a page in waiting, who slept in the antechamber. In the same manner he proceeded till he reached the bedchamber of the king. The marchioness

hearing the noise as it approached, arose in the greatest terror; and, throwing a light cimar around her, she rushed, almost unconscious of what she was doing, towards the door, which was burst open. On seeing so many armed men advancing, she exclaimed, "Sire, we are betrayed!" She was not allowed time to say more. Two officers immediately conducted her into an adjacent apartment, where they requested her to dress herself, in readiness for removal; and in a short time, without suffering her to see Amadeus, she was conveyed to the castle of Ceve, in Piedmont.

Neither the cries of the marchioness nor the disturbance which the officers made, had awakened the king; who still continued in the profoundest sleep, as if the corporeal powers had been paralyzed by the agitation of his mind. The Chevalier de Solave took possession of the king's sword, which he observed lying upon the table; and M. de Perouse advanced to the bed, and withdrew the curtain. The king started, and, scarcely yet sensible, in a hurried manner demanded what was the matter? "I have an order from the king," replied la Perouse, bluntly, "to seize your person."

“ And who is your king ? ” rejoined Amadeus, haughtily ; “ I am your king, and your master, nor ought you to acknowledge any other as such.” “ Your majesty has been my king,” replied the count, “ but you are so no longer ; and since you have thought proper to give us your son for our sovereign, and to command us to obey him, I hope you will yourself be disposed to set us an example of loyalty.” The indignation and rage of Amadeus knew no bounds ; he menaced with his utmost vengeance the officers, and peremptorily refused to rise from his bed ; giving the Chevalier de Solave, who advanced too near him, a violent blow on the breast, angrily commanding him instantly to retire. Still obstinately refusing to rise, the officers were under the unpleasant necessity of raising and even dressing him by force. He declared he only wished to fill the throne two hours, that he might have it in his power to hang the miscreants who had seduced his son from his allegiance ; and among this number whom he devoted to vengeance, he reckoned the principal officers at court.

When at length with difficulty he was

dressed, the officers, surrounding him completely, conducted him by the great staircase towards his chariot, in waiting for him in the court of the castle. He appeared affected and confounded, when he perceived the antechamber full of armed men; and the soldiers, who were not privy to the nature of the service in which they were engaged, were also greatly astonished when they found that it was their old king whom they were carrying away a prisoner. "What! is it our king?" they whispered among themselves. "What has he done? What are we about?" The Count de la Prouse, apprehensive of a mutiny, cried out to the soldiers, "By the king's authority, I command silence, on pain of immediate death." In the court was a regiment of dragoons, which the king had always distinguished above the rest of his troops. The presence of this regiment seemed particularly and deeply to affect him; and he made an attempt to address the individuals composing it, but he was not allowed the opportunity, being hurried precipitately on towards the chariot. The Count de la Prouse and the Chevalier de

Solave begged permission to take their seats with him; but he replied, "*that* he would by no means allow." Mounting, therefore, their horses, they rode on each side the carriage, which was at the same time surrounded by the troops, and in this manner was Amadeus conducted to Rivole. It is to be observed, that at the moment of quitting Montcalier, he had demanded three things: his wife, his papers, and his snuff-box, of these he obtained only the last.

The garrison of the citadel was on that night reinforced with two regiments, and that of Turin was considerably augmented. Early in the morning, the officers and troops that guarded Amadeus at Rivole were relieved by a body of 600 foot, and strict orders were given to the commanding-officer to keep the captive king always in sight. After the refusal of Baron de St. Remis to admit him into the citadel, he had sunk into a kind of listless insensibility; his spirits having been completely exhausted by ruminating on the affront which he thought had been offered to him on that occasion, and on the means of revenging it. But when he

found himself seized by his own officers, and abandoned by all those who had hitherto professed the most profound respect and attachment to his person, he became perfectly outrageous and ungovernable.

It was found absolutely necessary, in confining the unhappy victim of his own crooked policy, to secure the windows of his apartment with iron bars, and to watch his actions narrowly, lest he should attempt self-destruction, or commit any other outrage. When the unhappy king observed the glazier busy about the windows of his apartment, he demanded, indignantly, what he meant? "I mean," replied the man, insolently, "to furnish you with a double casement, lest you should get cold during the winter." So quickly does a change of external circumstances reverse the manners of the narrow-minded and the vulgar; and so rapid is the descent from the heights of ambition to the depths of humiliation! "Villain," replied the enraged Amadeus, "Do you imagine that I am to pass the whole winter here?" "Ay, faith," retorted the glazier, "this and many more." He was served in his confinement

with all the respect and attention due to his rank. The Chevalier de Solave, with two captains of the guards, had the charge of attending him; and he would sometimes amuse himself by playing with them at billiards. They had the most positive orders to treat him with every mark of respect; but never to return any answer to the complaints which he might be disposed to utter in their presence.

The council of state issued orders, on the same day that the king was seized, to arrest his confessor, together with nearly fifty persons of distinction, who had entered secretly into cabal with the Marchioness de Spigno, for the purpose of dethroning the reigning prince. An express was despatched to the governor, to the intendant-general of Chamberry, and to the Count de St. George, his brother, who was first president of that place, with orders for them to repair immediately to Turin, to receive new instructions. The Count de St. George, who was suspected to be more engaged in the affair than the rest, he being a near relation of the Marchioness de Spigno, was sent to the citadel of Turin, to be privately examined. The Count

de Cumiane, her brother, obtained his pardon, by disclosing all the secrets with which his sister had intrusted him. So uncertain are the conventions of guilt.

Charles Emmanuel, however, was not put to the cruel necessity of tarnishing his reign by the blood of any of his subjects, in consequence of this conspiracy, as none were found, except the few engaged, deficient in loyalty to him.

The marchioness thus arrested in her onward path of ambition, experienced the fiery traces it leaves on the heart, and that its reverses constitute a calamity which admits not of consolation. With her loss of dignity she lost every thing; even that energy and loftiness of soul, which had led her to aspire. Tormented with the most abject fears for her life, she sunk into the deepest state of despondency, refusing every kind of sustenance but broth, which she herself prepared. After her disgrace, her son, then an ensign in the guards, withdrew from court. The young king took notice of his absence, and generously caused him to be informed, that he wished him to remain at court, and continue in his military employment; sig-

nifying to him at the same time, that however guilty the marchioness had been, the consequence would not be extended to her children, and assuring him, that he took upon himself the charge of his future fortune. It is acts like these which ennoble the noble, and give the individual a just claim to the title of great. Amadeus continued in prison, subject to alternations of dejection and fury, until his death, which took place in 1732, aged sixty-six years.

Captive princes are generally objects of curiosity and deep interest; they awaken in the human heart the purest impulses of pity. Like stars shorn of their radiance, we contemplate them as more closely approximating to the imperfection of our own nature; but yet, from a remembrance of their brilliancy, we regard them with veneration; and in proportion also to the fortitude they evince, and a proper sense of their calamity, are our feelings of respectful compassion. And if in another view, we regard them as fallen from exalted power to a state of restraint and dependence, how finely shaded do our sentiments become by the reflection of the fleeting nature of human grandeur!

But, in contemplating the change of situation which the duplicity of Amadeus produced, we cannot experience these feelings of tender interest and respectful veneration. His conduct would excite no feeling but contempt, were not the catastrophe to soften the asperity of our condemnation ; as it appears evident, that the incessant contemplation of the object of his ambition had destroyed the balance of the mind. Unable to renounce the memory of what he was, his mind impetuously hurried to reclaim its lost interest ; for accustomed to uncontrolled power, he could feel no interest in ordinary life. And the idea of resuming that power, rendered of double value by its renunciation, having once gained admittance into the heart, every thing was seen through a false medium, nor could his mind admit the idea that he was liable to have his plans defeated or exposed to opposition ; and when he actually found he was obnoxious to both the one and the other, he grew impatient of contradiction, and furious from disappointment and restraint, till at once the sport and the victim of his own impetuous passions,

his intellect was destroyed in the conflict. Amadeus has left us an awful example of the destroying power of ill-regulated passions, and offers another to innumerable similar instances presented in the pages of history, that

“ There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.”

Shakspeare.

“ But when, with all a patriot’s pride,
He told of them, the glorified ;
In each grey forest, cave, and hill,
By prince and peasant worshipp’d still,
A sullen hum, like waves that roar
Afar, ere yet they break ashore,
From lip to lip crept murmuring on,
In the choak’d whirlwind’s under-tone,
Till one loud shout of rapture fills
The hall, and rolls along the hills :
Many to whom the chief was dear
Made vow and promise all sincere,
And some there were whose envy paid
Dissembl’d praises long delay’d.”

Wiffen’s Julia Alpinula.

THE HIGHLAND HERO.

AMONG the few brave and ardent spirits who endeavoured to retrieve the false steps, and to support the falling fortunes of the arbitrary and bigoted James the Second, may be ranked as one of the most eminent James Grahame, Viscount Dundee. To mark the various events which occur in the lives of singular and eminent characters, is one of the most pleasing studies of the human mind. The existence of the hero Dundee, and his no less heroic followers, offers much to excite the liveliest interest and admiration, in those who love to trace the vicissitudes inseparable from the struggles of power and the pursuits of ambition.

Our attention is first attracted towards this gallant young nobleman, as an active and enterprising officer, employed against a conventicle of the Scotch covenanters, in 1679, by whom

he was repulsed with the loss of thirty men. He also was with Monmouth, the ill-fated Monmouth, when he opposed the covenanters, and obtained a complete victory over them at Bothwell Bridge, returning in triumph to London, leaving behind him the highest character for humanity and mercy, as well as bravery.

Subsequently, Dundee became the animating spirit of the Jacobite party in Scotland, and, with the Earl of Balcarras, disavowing in the most public and unequivocal manner the authority of the Scotch convention, on the abdication of James the Second. Upon the convention being summoned upon that event, they together withdrew from the contest of words, and determined to assert the cause of their monarch in the field, not in the senate. Circumstances soon brought this determination into full action.

Naturally ardent and enterprising, Dundee had from earliest youth fostered those martial qualities, which have justly entailed upon him the title of a hero; for if an accurate knowledge of his profession, the ready talent of seizing the favorable moment of action, prompt self-recollection amidst the most perplexed and

difficult situations, and, above all, the happy and important power of influencing the opinions, winning the confidence, and inspiring with his own heroic ardour those who attached themselves to his cause, entitle a man to the remembrance and praise of his country, most surely Dundee may justly claim the meed of glory. Even from his childhood, he had raised his soul to acts of heroic daring, by listening with enthusiasm to the animating songs of his native bards, and by the perusal of ancient historians and orators, whose pages glowed with the praises and descriptions of great and noble actions. When he entered the profession of arms he determined to neglect no means of improvement, and with this view he was of opinion he ought to have a knowledge of the military services of different nations, and the duties of the different ranks. Accordingly he served in many foreign regiments, and when unable to procure a command, served as a volunteer. Under this character, at the battle of Seneffe, he saved the life of the Prince of Orange. Soon after this, he requested one of the Scotch regiments in the Dutch service; but that prince refused, under the plea of having

pre-engaged it. Upon this, Dundee quitted the Dutch service, remarking, "The soldier who has not gratitude, cannot be truly brave."

His reputation and his services against the covenanters, obtained him a regiment from Charles the Second; and, subsequently, a peerage and a high command from his successor. In his exploits against the covenanters, his fame has been sullied by the imputation of cruelty. He was wont to excuse himself by saying, "That if terror ended or prevented war, it was true mercy." An argument which borders too much upon the dangerous maxim, of "doing evil that good may come," to render it safe or just to practise it.*

When the intelligence of James's arrival in Ireland, to assert his right, reached Scotland, the ardent Dundee hastened to Inverness (exerting himself with all his natural activity in behalf of his ill-fated master), having received information that there were disputes existing, respecting some pecuniary demands, between some clans in that neighbourhood; who had in consequence armed themselves to settle them.

* It is better justified by recollecting the ferocious character of the age, in reference to war.

He had been previously summoned to return to the convention, but refused to obey the citation, alleging that the anti-royalist party had made an attempt upon his life, and that the deliberations of the estates were influenced by fear of the English troops, under the command of Gen. M'Kay, then in the neighbourhood. He was declared forthwith a fugitive, outlaw, and rebel. When he retired from the convention, with only fifty followers, to the Highlands, being asked by a friend who saw and stopped him, "Where he was going?" He waved his hat, and replied, "Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me:" and he was indeed a worthy descendant of that brave and loyal nobleman, remaining, like him, steadfast in allegiance to his king. In passing under the walls of the castle of Edinburgh, in his retreat, he stopped, and then scrambled up the precipice, at a place difficult and dangerous, and held a conference at a postern-gate with the Duke of Gordon. The traces of his hazardous ascent are yet to be seen, although the gate is now closed up. (*Dalrymple's Memoirs.*)

The same author has given the letter of Lord Strathnaven to Dundee, advising him to make

his peace with the prevailing party. To which he gave the following spirited answer: "My lord, I am extremely sensible of the obligation I have to you, for offering your endeavours for me, and giving me advice in the desperate state you thought our affairs were in. I am persuaded it flows from your sincere goodness and concern for me and mine; and, in return, I assure your Lordship, I have had no less concern for you, and was thinking of making the like address to you; but delayed it till things should appear more clear to you. * * * * *

So, my lord, having given you a clear and true prospect of affairs, which I am afraid amongst your folks you are not used with, I leave you to judge, if I or you, your family or mine, be most in danger." When he retired from the convention, accompanied by Lord Balcarras, parties had been despatched in pursuit of both. Balcarras was taken, and committed to the common prison; but Dundee, literally fighting his way through the troops, arrived safely in the Highlands.

In the first place, he held a private conference with the respective contending chiefs; and then publicly convened the clans, whom

he loaded with reproaches, for having evinced such a mercenary spirit, as to think, in the peril of their king, of their own paltry quarrels; that at the moment when their sovereign, looking to them equally as his subjects and his friends, most needed and expected proofs of their allegiance and their friendship, they should be preparing to draw the daggers of discord against each other,—daggers which ought rather to be plunged into the breasts of the enemies of their king. He then immediately paid from his own purse the debt in dispute, and conjured them, with that prevailing eloquence he possessed, to unite with heart and hand, and to enlist themselves under his banner. He wrote an animated letter to James, in Ireland, entreating him to hasten to Scotland, and encourage by his immediate presence his faithful Highlanders. But French intrigue opposed this step, and James even forbade his taking up arms till he could send him reinforcements from Ireland; and although Dundee did not absolutely act in opposition to this procrastinating and timid policy, he yet lost no time in assembling the clans of his party; and succeeded

in conciliating those noblemen whom he had reason to fear would oppose him, in so far as to obtain their several promises, that they would not disturb him.

He passed with incredible celerity and activity, from place to place, throughout the Highlands, to rouse the native clans to arms; and to disperse the militia sent against him. Small at first, even to contempt, his force increased with his march, till it amounted to 6000 men. Lord Murray, the son of Lord Athol, had raised 1000 men upon his father's estate and that of Lord Lovat, who was married to his sister, under an assurance given them of serving the late king, but in reality to make them serviceable to the new government. These men were prevailed upon by Dundee to join his forces, a desertion from two of their own chieftains unknown before among Highlanders! But it doubtless arose partly from admiration of Dundee and partly from indignation against Lord Murray's breach of faith. While that chieftain was in the act of reviewing them, they with one accord quitted the ranks, ran to an adjoining brook, filled their bonnets from its limpid stream, drank to the health of King

James, and with pipes playing marched off to Lord Dundee.*

In the mean-time, Sir John Lanier converted the blockade of Edinburgh castle into a regular and close siege; prosecuting it with so much rigour, that the Duke of Gordon finding his ammunition expended, his defences destroyed, and despairing of relief from the adherents of his royal master, desired to capitulate, and accordingly obtained favorable terms for his garrison, trusting to the honour of the besiegers in regard to himself. The orders Dundee had received not to fight till the Irish reinforcements should arrive, obliged him to remain, almost furious from restraint, cooped up in the mountains; and had he not possessed more than ordinary military prudence and industry, he could never have surmounted the difficulties of his critical situation. He was obliged continually to shift his quarters by rapid and fatiguing marches, in order to avoid or to harass the enemy, and to obtain provisions. With such celerity did he move, that the first messenger of his approach was generally the sight of his army: the first intelligence of his retreat,

* See Note at end of Memoir.

brought accounts he was out of reach. In some of these marches his men were destitute of bread, salt, and every kind of beverage except water, during a period of several weeks; yet were they ashamed to complain, when they saw their gallant commander living in every respect no better than themselves, yet always preserving the buoyancy of his spirit and sharing in every fatigue. If any thing better than usual was brought for his regale, he invariably sent it to a faint or sick soldier; and if a soldier was weary, he offered, and indeed insisted upon carrying his arms. He kept those who followed his fortunes from sinking under their fatigues, not so much from exhortation, as by diverting their thoughts from their sufferings, well knowing that the former is but a mockery to those who are overpowered by physical evil. To keep up their spirits, and to relieve by suspending the sense of what they endured, he constantly walked with the men, now by the side of one clan and anon by that of another, amusing them with jokes, flattering them with his knowledge of their genealogies, and animating them by the recital of the heroic deeds of their ancestors and warlike songs of their bards.

By such means as these, he might literally be said to have possessed himself of the hearts, and had it in his power to turn the physical powers of his followers to the direction he desired. It was one of his maxims, that no general should fight with an irregular army, unless he had obtained a knowledge of every man he commanded; and that obviously could not be obtained, without the closest attention and most familiar association. Yet with this familiarity the severity of his discipline was dreadful, perhaps indispensable to obviate the evils attendant upon the necessary knowledge. The only punishment he inflicted was death. "All other," he said, "disgraced a gentleman, and all who were with him were of that rank; but that death was a relief from the consciousness of crime." It is even reported of him, that having seen a youth, panic-struck, fly in his first action, he pretended that he had sent him to the rear with an important message. The youth fled a *second time*: Dundee then brought him to the front of the army, and saying, that "a gentleman's son ought not to fall by the hands of a common executioner," shot him with his own pistol!

After having been obliged to procrastinate his operations, and thus to lose the most favorable opportunities of effective action, the Irish succours at length arrived, and the mortification and disappointment of Dundee may be imagined, when he found the reinforcement for which he had been obliged to wait consisted only of 500 raw recruits, without either provisions or ammunition, both having fallen into the hands of the English. Almost at the same period, in which he saw all he had to depend upon from his royal master, he was informed, that Gen. M'Kay was marching through Athol, to make himself master of the castle of Blajr; then in the hands of the royalists. Dundee, aware that the loss of this place would effectually cut off the communication between the two divisions of the Highlands, so necessary for him to preserve (for in them lay his chief strength), resolved, by forced marches, to intercept M'Kay; his army being considerably diminished at the time, many of his men having retired to their homes, to provide their winter fuel. Arrived at the castle of Blair, he there learned that M'Kay, who with his foot and a small body of horse encamped at Dunheld, was

to advance the following day through the pass of Killicrankie;* and that the rest of his horse were to follow in a day or two. This pass consists of a narrow defile, nearly two miles in length, and only wide enough for six or eight men to go closely abreast. It is formed by the steep precipices of the Grampian hills on the one side, and on the other by a dark, rapid, and deep river. The mountains seem to rise to the skies, and deep precipices overhang the black and rolling flood; on the opposite side of which rises, in majestic and awful grandeur, a lofty mountain covered to the summit with dark waving woods, over which the eagles and other wild birds are continually hovering and filling the air with their screams.

Dundee was much pressed by his officers to dispute the pass with M'Kay, from the superiority of his situation; but he refused it, taking advantage of an opinion prevailing, from the most ancient times, among the Highlanders,

* In the last century this was a pass of much difficulty and danger, threatening destruction to the traveller on the least false step. At present a fine road, formed by the soldiery lent by government, gives an easy access to the remote Highlands, and the sides are connected by a fine arch.

that it is dishonorable to attack an enemy at a disadvantage; and publicly exclaiming, that “he thought not so meanly of *his* followers, as to believe they had degenerated from the generous maxims of their ancestors.” But, in private, he entered into more wise and well-weighed, if not more noble reasons for rejecting the advice of his officers.

From Gen. M'Kay's manuscript account of this action, we find that Dundee thus reasoned with the officers who had advised the dispute of the pass:—“To defend the pass, a thing indeed easily effected, was only to delay the war and to detain themselves prisoners in places where they had already been kept too long in confinement. With more ease in open fields, the impetuosity of the Highlanders was to be exerted and made to be felt. Six successive battles fought by Montrose, insured the success of the next day. To allow the enemy to pass over to fair ground, inspired a generous confidence into his own men, but would fill their opponents with doubts and suspicions as to the secret cause of it. What better terms could be asked by an army, for general action, than, unfatigued and on their own ground, to receive an enemy

who had fourteen miles to march the same day as that he fought, and who was ignorant of the ground that was left him to occupy? The terms of defeat were unequal; for to him retreat was easy, but to the enemy retreat and ruin were the same. Entangled in the pass, the stronger would force the weaker over the precipices in their flight, and all must fall a defenceless prey to his victorious army pursuing behind. Even at the farther end of the pass, he had sent orders to his friends at Athol, to watch and fall upon the few that should escape. If a decisive action was delayed for a few days, the rest of M'Kay's horse would have time to come up; an enemy most terrible to Highlanders, because they were conscious it was the only one they feared." As soon as Dundee had intelligence that the enemy had really entered the pass of Killicrankie, he put his force, consisting of about 2000 foot and fifty horse, in order of battle, upon the declivity before the castle of Blair; his right covered by the river of Tomel, his left by the hills of Blair, and his front by a small rivulet, which ran through the plain at his foot. The night before the battle, Dundee having with his accustomed

intelligence reflected that the Highlanders, whom he had called to such an arduous duty and placed in such jeopardy of their lives, had not been tried in the general actions of war since the battle of Philiphaugh, forty years preceding, and being desirous to make trial of their obedience and readiness, gave an alarm, by causing a false attack to be made upon his own camp. In an instant, he had the satisfaction to find every man at his post, and firmly fulfilling the duties of it. The result, therefore, of this stratagem, which would have been fatal to a general not beloved and to timid troops, removed in this instance the diffidence of the one, and confirmed the confidence of the other.

The army of M'Kay, we find from the interesting account of that general, after marching from Dunkeld in the morning of the 16th of July, 1689, and halting two hours at the mouth of the pass, began to enter it about mid-day. Silent was the progress of the soldiers, being absolutely awe-struck with the sublimity and grandeur of the scene; the profound stillness which surrounded them, interrupted only by the undulations of the stream, the murmuring of the wind among the mountains, and the

ominous scream of the birds, seemed to their imaginations but the forebodings of danger and of death, heightened by their consciousness, as they viewed the precipices on each side, that, in case they were attacked, they would be totally incapable of affording each other the least assistance. As they slowly advanced into the open plain at the end of the pass, with mingled joy and fear they cautiously emerged, and observed the army of Dundee resting upon the declivity of a mountain opposite, in one line but short, the men lying thick upon the ground.

M'Kay's army amounted to 4500 foot and two troops of horse regiments, well officered and perfectly appointed : yet were they struck with dismay at the appearance of Dundee's inferior force, he having so judiciously arranged them, that the numbers appeared much greater than they really were, from their disposition among the bushes ; for wherever they occurred there was in fact a vacancy of men, but the imagination of M'Kay's army peopled those vacancies with troops. Dundee had chosen this station, because while these obstructing shrubs concealed the real strength of his own army, they enabled him, unobserved, to watch

the manœuvres of the enemy, secured him from the attacks of his cavalry, would give violence and rapidity to his charge upon his descent to the enemy, and make retreat, if retreat were necessary, easy to men who had been accustomed to climb mountains with a speed that baffled the pursuit of the inexperienced; he resolved also not to commence fighting till near sun-set. With the calculation of a warrior, that if he gained the victory, he might make a dreadful completion of his bloody duty during the night; and, if defeated, that he might retreat without the chance of pursuit.

Having arranged his little army, he thus addressed the brave Highlanders: "Gentlemen, you are come hither this day to fight, and that in the best of causes; for it is the battle of your king, your religion, and your country, against the foulest usurpation and rebellion; and having therefore so good a cause in your hands, I doubt not but it will inspire you with equal courage to maintain it. For there is no proportion betwixt loyalty and treason, nor should there be any betwixt the valour of good subjects and traitors. Remember, that to-day begins the fate of your king, your religion, and

your country. Behave yourselves, therefore, like true Scotchmen; and let us by this action redeem the credit of this nation, that is laid low by the treacheries and cowardice of some of our countrymen, in which I ask nothing of you, that you shall not see me do before you; and if any of us shall fall upon this occasion, we shall have the honour of dying in our duty; and as becomes true men of valour and conscience: and such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious king, and the praise of all good men. In God's name, then, let us go on; and let this be your word,—*King James, and the Church of Scotland*, which God long preserve.”*

M'Kay, on entering the plain, put his army in order of battle, lengthening his line of three men deep, so that it reached from hill to hill, with a view to outflank Dundee, and to prevent surprise, by making all the ground known at once to his army. In this position he remained nearly two hours, in order to consider what to do and what to expect. Thus the two armies continued regarding each other.

* Naim's Papers, quoted by M'Pherson in Original Papers.

At length M'Kay, suspecting that it was the intention of Dundee to avail himself of the night, and fearing to encamp in a place so surrounded with enemies, used various means to provoke the Highlanders to fight, but in vain. Dundee observing, that, by the position of the armies, his own might be outflanked, and so be defeated even at the moment of defeating, took advantage of his situation to make some arrangements without being observed. He detached his clans into separate bodies, removing them from the right and the left, but keeping them in close order, leaving his centre weak; when, at near eight o'clock in the evening, he rushed down from his station, and began the attack, by columns, upon the wings of the enemy. This he did with the view, that whether, his centre were entirely broken, or *his* wings broke those of his opponents, the battle might equally become irregular, and decided hand in hand, not by the regularity of musketry. He remembered his gallant ancestor, Montrose, had gained the battle of Alderne by a similar disposition! The design of Dundee completely succeeded. His Highlanders

had borne the fire of the enemy with great intrepidity, till they came close up to them, then discharging their muskets, they fell in so furiously with their broadswords and targets, that they threw M'Kay's troops into disorder, who unused to such a mode of fighting, made but a feeble resistance, especially as their horse gave way also.

The thick columns of Dundee pierced easily through the thin files of the enemy, pressed on the sides those who stood, met in front those who were giving way, and, in fine, almost as by magic, hurried them off the field. One regiment alone and about half of another, which occupied a part of the centre, not daring to advance, saved themselves by declining to be victorious in the post where they were placed: they alone retreated, the rest were completely routed. Dundee, who had been the foremost on foot in the attack, was also the first in the pursuit on horseback; putting himself at the head of sixteen men only, he seized the enemy's cannon, and had gained a glorious victory; yet, deeming the flight of the enemy to be nothing, unless even escape was rendered impossible, he

pressed on to the entrance of the pass to cut off their retreat. In a short time, he perceived, that in his ardour he had far outstripped his men. He stopped, waved his arm in the air, to make them hasten their speed, and pointed his hand to the pass, as if he would have said, "the victory is our's, if you fly thither." Conspicuous in person, and in the nobleness of his action, he was too fatally observed, as a musket ball, aimed at him, found entrance in the opening of his armour below the arm-pit, occasioned by the elevation of his arm. He rode off the field, desiring the event to be concealed, but, fainting, fell from his horse. As soon as he was somewhat recovered, he desired to be raised from the ground a little. He looked anxiously to the field, and asked, How things went? Being told, "All was well;" "Then," said he, "I am well." Again fainting, he was taken off the field. The Highlanders falling in with the English baggage, now gave over the pursuit, and commenced the plunder. In consequence of this, many of M'Kay's army got safely through the pass, although not above two hundred in a body reached Stirling with

their general. Two thousand of them were killed in the battle, and five hundred made prisoners. A number of the fugitives were also killed or taken prisoners by the Athol men, whom Dundee had on the preceding day ordered to be in readiness at the termination of the pass. The rest dispersed in various directions. M'Kay not daring to venture through the pass, was saved by traversing the mountains to the west of it. On attaining the first height, which commanded a view of the field of battle, he looked back, and seeing no pursuit, declared to those about him his belief, that the enemy had lost their general. The express, with an account of the defeat, sent to Edinburgh from the field of battle, was detained by an accident a day upon the road. When King William was informed of this circumstance, he remarked, "Then, Dundee must be dead, for otherwise he would have been at Edinburgh before the express." The Highlanders raised a great stone on the spot where their beloved commander fell; and it is said still to remain as a memorial of his fate. The hero had the satisfaction of knowing, that he had obtained a complete victory, and before he expired

wrote to announce it to his sovereign in the following terms :

“ Sir,

“ It has pleased God to give your forces a great victory over the rebels, in which 3-4ths of them are fallen under the weight of our swords. I might say much of this action, if I had not the honour to command in it; but of five thousand men, which was the best computation I could make of the rebels, it is certain there cannot have escaped above twelve hundred men. We have not lost full out nine hundred. This absolute victory made us masters of the field, and of the enemy's baggage, which I gave to the soldiers; who to do them all right, both officers and common men, Highlands, Lowlands, and Irish, behaved themselves with equal gallantry, to whatever I saw in the hottest battles fought abroad by disciplined armies; and this old M'Kay's soldiers felt on this occasion.

“ I cannot now, Sir, be more particular; but take leave to assure your majesty, the kingdom is generally disposed for your service, and impatiently wait for your coming; and this success will bring in the rest of the nobility and gentry, having had all their assurances for it, except the notorious rebels. Therefore, Sir, for God's sake assist us, though it be with such a detachment of your Irish forces as you sent us

before, especially of horse and dragoons ; and you will crown our beginnings with a complete success, and yourself with an entire possession of your ancient hereditary kingdom of Scotland.

“ My wounds forbid me to enlarge to your majesty at this time, though they tell me they are not mortal. However, Sir, I beseech your majesty to believe, whether I live or die, I am entirely your’s.

DUNDEE.”*

Having written this letter, at once modest, ardent, patriotic, firm, and faithful, the gallant hero resigned himself to the will of heaven, expiring on the morning succeeding this great contest. His enterprising spirit, undaunted courage, and inviolable fidelity, peculiarly qualified him to command the generous and brave people who fought beneath his banner, and not only justly endear his memory to his countrymen, but induce them to rank him among the most eminent of their heroes.

His death proved a most fatal blow to the cause of James in Scotland (who thus speaks of his gallant general in his manuscript memoir, contained in the Stuart papers), “ By this battle

* M’Pherson, from Naim’s Papers.

was lost the man in the world the best qualified, not only by his fidelity, courage, and capacity, to manage such a war, but who knew admirably well the temper and humours of those he had to command, and how to struggle with the wants and *disappointments* of such difficult circumstances. He knew where to use rough, and where gentle means, and how to accompany his punishments and rewards with so much equity and reason, as made all he did acceptable; and had got such an esteem and authority amongst his countrymen, that had he lived, there is little doubt but he had soon re-established the king's authority in Scotland, prevented the Prince of Orange from going or sending an army into Ireland, and put his majesty in a fair way of regaining England itself; but this (meaning his death) gave M'Kay and his broken troops time to retreat to Stirling, and repair his loss, which had my Lord Dundee been *alive*, he would *never* have suffered him to do. When the news of this misfortune came to the king, it *gave* him a fresh occasion of *adoring* Providence, and contemplating the instability of *human* affairs, when one single shot, from a routed and flying

enemy, decided, in all appearance, the fate of more than one kingdom.

William the Third also paid a high tribute to the military genius of Lord Dundee, when being advised to send a strong body of troops to Scotland, after the defeat at Killicrankie, he said, "It was needless; the war ended with Dundee's life." And such indeed was the fact, for notwithstanding that Gen. Cameron, who succeeded to the command, was a good and experienced officer, yet being unacquainted with the ways and humours of the Highlanders, and not conversant with their peculiar modes of warfare, he was unable to follow up the benefit of the victory; for although he descended with his army into the low countries of Scotland, and several actions ensued, yet none were decisive: and after two languid campaigns, a peace was concluded.

The castle of Edinburgh had previously surrendered, as has been stated. The common men retired to their homes; but many of the officers were in consequence of the capitulation suffered to retire into France. The fate of these officers affords us an interesting and strong instance of human mutability, and did

not their attachment to the cause, and the person of the hero whose character we have depicted, render them just objects of our admiration, the adventures they met with would alone excite an interest for them.

These officers were in number one hundred and fifty, all of honorable birth, firmly attached to their chieftains and to each other; equally glorying in their political principles, and equally ready to sacrifice their lives for their preservation. Upon their arrival in France, pensions were assigned them by Louis XIV.; but upon the conclusion of the civil war these pensions were withdrawn, because the object no longer existed for which they were given. Finding themselves thus become a burden upon the unfortunate James, whose finances could scarce suffice for his own family, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private centinels, asking no other favour than that they might be permitted to choose their own officers. James assented to their wishes, and they repaired to St. Germain's, to be reviewed by him, before they were modelled in the French army.

A few days subsequent to their arrival, they

posted themselves (in accoutrements borrowed from a French regiment, and drawn up in order) in a place through which the king was to pass, as he went to the chase, an amusement of which he was passionately fond, and more particularly after the loss of his kingdom. On seeing them, James inquired who they were? and was surprised beyond measure to find that they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their rank, he had a few days before conversed with familiarly at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those brave men who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to the palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along the ranks, wrote in his pocket-book, with his own hand, the name of every gentleman, and gave him his thanks in particular; and then, removing to the front, bowed to the assembled body, with his head uncovered.

After he had gone away, still thinking he had not evinced sufficient respect to them, he returned, again bowed, and, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. The body, as if by common impulse, kneeled, bending their eyes and heads upon the ground; and then quickly.

rising, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it were only a common review they were exhibiting. James had addressed them in a long and affectionate speech, concluding with, "Fear God, and love one another: write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your parent and king." They were sent from St. Germain's to the frontiers of Spain, a march of nine hundred miles. Wherever they passed, they were received with tears by the women, with respect by some of the men, but by most with laughter at the awkwardness of their situation. They were invariably the foremost in battle and the last in retreat; but, of all the troops in the service, were most obedient to orders. Twice only they disobeyed, first at the siege of Roses, where they had fallen into diseases, and been ordered to quit the camp for their recovery; but they delayed to obey, till they had sent a remonstrance to Mareschal Noailles, against what they termed an affront. The second inattention to their orders, was when the Germans had made a lodgement in an island of the Rhine; the French, from an opinion that the river was impassable without boats, had ordered

a number for the passage; among other troops intended for the service, this company was ordered to keep a station opposite to the island; until the boats should arrive. But finding; upon examination, the ford, though difficult; not impassable, they, according to the custom of the Highlanders in wading through rivers, joining their hands together, and entering the river in a line with its current, the strongest men in the upper part, and the weaker in the under (so that those who were highest up the stream broke its force), and tying their arms and clothes on their shoulders, passed to the island, in sight of both armies on the opposite banks, and drove ten times their number from their lodgement. The French cried out, in admiration, "*Le gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*" "A gentleman, in whatever station, is still a gentleman." The place where this heroic act took place is called *l'Isle d'Ecosse* to this day.

The relater of the fact presumes not to judge; if these instances of disobedience to the strict discipline, which is the life and soul of military honour and talent, is to be justified by the result; but if intent constitutes the merit of an action, the gallant men may find excuse, as it

is probable, that, confident in their own powers, and aware of the important consequences, they lost sight of the letter of military order in their ardour to act up to its spirit. The historian of these warriors justly observes, all collective human virtues are sullied with the selfishness of individuals: these heroes proved the truth of the assertion, for the officers to whom they had voluntarily yielded their most precious of all possessions, their independence, and whom they had chosen to command them, their equals, basely cheated them of their pay, poor as it was, of their clothes, and of presents, which many generous and sympathizing individuals had sent them.

The French, insensible to their constancy, patience, fatigues, and services, sent them from the frontiers of Spain to Alsace, a march as tedious as that they had already passed. In this route their clothes fell to tatters; and after they had passed Lyons, the country was covered with snow. Often were they in want of even the very necessary means of subsistence. Yet thus naked, fatigued, and famishing, no complaints were heard among them, except for the sufferings of him they accounted and loved as their

sovereign. After six years severe service, they were broke when the peace was concluded; they were then stationed on the higher part of the Rhine, fifteen hundred miles from their homes, and without any provision being made for them. At that time, only sixteen remained who had survived the fate of their companions, and of these sixteen, only four arrived in Scotland: examples of what men may endure and submit to, in support of those principles which they have cherished in their souls; and as a warning to their countrymen, and the world, how to trust to the promises and flatteries of those who seek their services, and, having obtained them, leave them to perish unheeded.



————— “ Now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the empress,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
He counsels quick departure,—loss of her,
Of her that loves him with an excellence
That angels love good men with.”

Shakspeare
adapted.

—————
“ But happy they * * * * *
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.”

Thomson.

GUSTAVUS:

OR,

TRIUMPH OF PATRIOT PRINCIPLE.

UPON conclusion of the peace of Varella, 1790, Catharine the Second and Gustavus the Third of Sweden became as remarkable for their attention towards each other, as they previously had been distinguished for the hatred and animosity they mutually cherished, and for the invectives each used without mercy against the other.

To preserve her power in the cabinet of Sweden, became the ardent desire of the ambitious and wily Catharine; and to effect this, she projected an union of one of the grand-duchesses of Russia with the young Prince-Royal of Sweden. Her hopes were so strong, and her measures so well formed to effect this darling object, that the Grand-Duchess Alexandra was educated in the full expectation of ascending the throne of Sweden. No circum-

stance was omitted, that could have the smallest tendency to excite the imagination of a young unsophisticated *girl*, to encourage an attachment towards the youthful Gustavus, thus politically assigned her, and who thus became the lover of her innocent fancy long before the policy of her intriguing grandmother could effect an interview. Through her agents at the Swedish court, the young prince became inspired with similar romantic sentiments of attachment for the lovely Alexandra; and it is probable that his father would have given his sanction to the love, and the union of the young lovers; had not his sudden and violent death left them in uncertainty, and frustrated the deep-laid schemes of the empress to avail herself of the ardent, noble, and ambitious character of Gustavus Adolphus to hurry him into a contest with France, which she, with the cold-hearted calculation of a political despot, hoped would terminate in leaving his son an orphan king, whom she would *kindly* have taken under her *maternal care*.

But the Duke of Sudermania, assuming the regency, upon the decease of his brother, broke through these calculations of Catharine. He

made it the first object of his government to oppose the Russia system and influence, and he lost no time in repaying the hatred which Catharine bore him. The vilest corruption, the basest intrigues were employed, by that remarkable woman, to occasion an internal revolt in Sweden, in order to remove the regent, and to substitute a council of creatures devoted to her will and the wily agents of her ambition.

It is not consistent with this sketch, to trace the plots which so long harassed the court of Sweden; nor is it necessary to dwell upon the persevering efforts of Catharine to obtain power there, and to draw the young king within her magic influence; nothing being left untried to get him to St. Petersburg, unaccompanied by his uncle. The moderation of the regent, during the course of these intrigues (sufficient to try the patience of the coolest politician), either prove him to have possessed a magnanimous and firm soul with which few are endowed, or to be under the influence of fear and weakness almost dastard; but the former appears to have been the most probable, from subsequent circumstances.

Independent of a meditated alliance with France, to assist him in securing Sweden against the atrocious policy of his ambitious neighbour, the regent took another step calculated to strike at the root of Catharine's hopes, and which was very sensibly felt by her, as perplexing her meditated plans, and tending to subvert all that she had with so much deep-laid calculation already effected. The regent formally demanded in marriage for his nephew one of the princesses of Mecklenburgh, who was in consequence solemnly betrothed to him, and the anticipated union announced to the different courts of Europe. Count Schoerin, who had already visited Russia, and who from his personal graces and gallantry was a great favorite with the ladies, was sent to the empress, to announce the event to her court; but, on his arrival at Vyborg, he received an order from the empress, not to appear at court; so completely did this great sovereign merge the character of an august potentate, in the mortification of a disappointed woman: and thus did a proud monarch sully the dignity of true feminine pride. She directed her chargé d'affaires, at Stockholm, to deliver to the regent

a note, wherein she not only makes his connection with France a crime of treason against her imperial majesty, but even insinuates that he was privy to the assassination of his brother; to avenge which, she pledges herself. This was followed by announcing, that the regent would be compelled, at the cannon's mouth, to break his engagement with the Princess of Mecklenburgh, and that the young king must marry the Grand-Duchess Alexandra, as he was undoubtedly enamoured of her. This latter idea was industriously made public, and that the regent had done violence to the inclinations of his young charge by negotiating with the Princess of Mecklenburgh; but that, in fact, Gustavus ardently desired to defer his marriage till the period of his majority, when he meant to declare unequivocally his faithful attachment to the grand-duchess. Nor, in fact, was this altogether an invention; for several Swedes, gained over by the plausibility of the empress and the prospects which the alliance would open to themselves, endeavoured to inspire such resolutions into the young king; and, by various anecdotes, to awaken in his heart a passion for the amiable Alexandra; and by a regular cor-

respondence with persons at the Russian court, the success of their arguments and insinuations was constantly remitted.

After proceedings so violent, and threats so unequivocal, it may justly excite wonder how the regent was induced to bend before the genius of the empress. This, however, he actually did, and through that channel which so easily leads to the human heart, and lulls the human judgment—the vanity of the individual. A Genevan, named Christin, formerly the secretary of Calonne, being at Stockholm, introduced himself to the regent, by means of a fable which he had composed in his praise. He had recently been at St. Petersburg, and the conversation frequently turned upon Catharine; the graces of the young princesses; the esteem in which he the regent was held at court, and of the advantages which an alliance with Russia would be to both countries, and, of consequence, the easiness of it, by an union with one of the grand-duchesses. Finding from the answers of the duke, that he would not be very averse to a reconciliation with the empress, Christin notified it by letter to Madame Huss, the mistress of Count Markoff; and thus was

grounded the negotiations which were renewed. Christin having thus successfully fulfilled his secret embassy, returned to St. Petersburg; and doubtless would have been well rewarded for his address in softening the regent, and renewing an engagement which seemed for ever broken, had not the death of Catharine disappointed him of his recompense.

Christin having opened the way, M. Budberg was chosen to pursue it; his first mission was to Mecklenburgh, to negotiate the important step of a renunciation; and thence to Stockholm, in quality of ambassador. Various means at length effected the wishes of Catharine, that the marriage of the young king should be delayed till he became of age; and the regent anxious to prove that his nephew was free in his will, in such an important action of his life and conduct, at length consented to his journey to St. Petersburg; whither he was invited with the most plausible and winning kindness. In this invitation, the union so much desired was thus warily and sentimentally adverted to: "If, as has been said," remarks the subtle Catharine, "the two children have a mutual affection already, should they, on seeing each

other, still prove agreeable, means may be thought of for rendering them happy." Catharine rightly conjectured, that could she but obtain the presence of the young king at her court, the after steps would be easy; trusting, very naturally, to the influence of the lovely Alexandra and her own insinuating kindness upon Gustavus, readily supposing that did he once see the princess (whom he had refused through reasons of state or by the commands of the regent), he would, to obtain her, sacrifice most willingly the policy of the one and the favour of the other.

It was on the 26th of August, 1796, that the schemes of Catharine were to be put in action; on that memorable day the young Gustavus, with his uncle and a numerous suite, arrived at St. Petersburg, taking up their residence at the hotel of the Swedish ambassador, Baron Steding. The whole population of the city was anxious to see the young monarch, the motive of whose visit was broadly hinted, not only within the precincts of the court but elsewhere. The empress was at her Tauridan palace,* when

* She had purchased this superb palace of Potemkin, who being a Tauridan, the empress, in honour of him, named the palace "The Tauridan."

the Swedish visitors arrived at St. Petersburg, upon hearing of which, she instantly repaired to the Hermitage palace, to receive the young Gustavus. He offered to kiss her hand; but, with delicate address, she prevented him, saying, with that winning courtesy which distinguished her manners when she wished to render herself agreeable, "No, I cannot forget that the Count Haga is a king." "If your majesty," replied Gustavus gallantly, "will not give me your permission as an empress, at least allow me as a lady to whom I owe so much respect and admiration." This answer, so truly polite, enchanted Catharine, who declared "she was almost in love with him herself." But an interview still more interesting succeeded this; when introduced to the young Alexandra, it would be difficult to determine which of the two was the most embarrassed. It was the moment to decide if their imagination had deceived them, and the sweetest sentiments of innocent love blushed on the cheek of the one and beamed from the eyes of the other, to find the vision of their fancy so realized. The eyes of the whole court turned on the youthful pair, increased the confusion they mutually

felt; and an interview which each would have wished prolonged, almost to infinity under any other circumstances, became soon painful in the extreme.

Perhaps no one was ever more calculated to inspire affection, and awaken the purest love, than Alexandra Pavlovna. Her figure was noble and majestic, softened by the gentlest graces of her sex and age, at this period just bursting into womanhood; her features were regular, and complexion dazzlingly fair. Innocence, candour, and serenity were enthroned on her brow, round which light flaxen hair flowed in a thousand graceful ringlets; and fell in profusion on her well-turned neck. With this fascinating exterior, a heart, accomplishments, and understanding were in perfect unison. The noblest and purest sentiments had been early instilled into her mind by her private governess, a lady eminently qualified to form the heart and mind of female youth, and who had the rich reward to perceive that her beloved princess, by her sensibility and understanding, evidenced the rich soil she had to cultivate, and the advantages she had derived from her fostering care; exciting the love, esteem, and admi-

ration of all who approached her. Gustavus, indeed, when he first saw this lovely girl, might justly have said with the poet,

“ As I gaz’d,
 An eye encounter’d mine, that startl’d me;
 Sure never breathing creature was more fair!
 ————— As she stood,
 Again that lovely eye encounter’d mine;
 Fair was the brow,—as if serenest thought,
 Quiet and innocence alone dwelt there.
 But yet around the rosy lips, there play’d
 A laughing smile, like Hebes; which dispell’d
 Its calmness, and betoken’d life and joy.”

Such was the princess; who had been taught to believe, that she should share the throne with the lover who she now for the first time beheld, and whom she felt needed no diadem to recommend him to her affection. And Gustavus was worthy the homage of her love. He was at the time we speak of, seventeen years of age, tall and finely formed, possessing an air of mild dignity and intelligence. Distinguished by all the lesser graces of youth, yet with a certain grandeur and nobility of manner, which irresistibly attracted respect, and rendered him highly interesting. His education had been solid and extensive, and whatever he said

seemed the result of reflection ; although expressed with perfect simplicity, courtesy, and politeness. A self-possession, which never forsook him, rendered him apparently unmoved by the exhibitions of pomp which welcomed him to the Russian capital, and imparted an air of ease and independence to his manners highly pleasing ; while the interest he took in every thing useful, the spirit of observation he displayed, made him greatly to be admired by those officers and courtiers who were capable of appreciating such qualities, and led them frequently to draw the contrast between the young king and the Grand-Duke Constantine, a disparity which, as the empress also could not but remark, caused her no little chagrin ; and she even was so provoked with the unpolished manners of her grandson, that she put him under arrest more than once, during the residence of the King of Sweden at her court.

Every thing that could contribute to the entertainment of her royal visitor, was resorted to by Catharine and her nobles, who thus wished to participate in the pleasure of their empress on the occasion. Gustavus was exposed to a continual scene of enchantment ; pleasures

awaited him on every side. Yet amidst all this tumult of gaiety, he employed the mornings in seeing every thing useful and instructive in the city and environs, accompanied by the regent, who appeared highly gratified with the approbation every where expressed of the understanding and intelligence of his pupil. During this interchange of useful employment and varied pleasure, the lovers had frequent opportunities of meeting, and of improving and confirming their affection.

Catharine evinced the greatest delight at the success of her wishes; it seemed to renovate her youth, and she again joined in those courtly pleasures she had in a great measure previously renounced. The approaching union was no longer kept as a court secret, but became the free and open topic of conversation. The empress addressed the young king and her granddaughter as betrothed lovers, and so unequivocally encouraged their mutual attachment, that she one day made them exchange the first kiss of love in her presence. In fact she left nothing undone to draw the young king so far, that it would be impossible for him to recede, whatever influence might be resorted to in order to

bias his opinion. She was in the mean-time incessantly active in her measures to bring the marriage to a conclusion. Religion became the obstacle which presented itself to oppose her wishes of a speedy termination; but still she flattered herself, it would be finally overcome. The young king was deeply enamoured, and the regent appeared to have no other will than his: could it therefore be supposed that this obstacle would prevent arrangement, although policy demanded it should be discussed?

Catharine had consulted her archbishop, to know if her granddaughter might abjure the orthodox faith; but the archbishop evaded reply, by simply remarking, "your majesty is all powerful."

In private conversations that had passed at court, this delicate subject had been but slightly touched upon. It was not expected that Catharine would have many, if any scruples; and the young king had hinted, that from respect to the Russian nation, and the prejudices of the people, the princess should not be required to abjure the Greek religion in form. The empress, fully persuaded there was no fear of

retreat, left to her favorite ministers the care of drawing up the contract, conformably to her own views. In the mean-time, the Swedish ambassador demanded, in the usual form, the princess in marriage for his sovereign; an audience being granted for him to make this demand, and to fix the day and the hour when the lovers were to be publicly betrothed. Thus far all accorded with the most sanguine desires of Catharine, and her joy was in proportion; but the day which was to confirm all her deep-laid plans, to open an avenue as she thought to the activity of her ambition, was decreed to be that of the deepest humiliation and disappointment to the wily and haughty empress.

Determined that the day she had so much anticipated should be distinguished by every mark of solemnity and pomp, Catharine, on the 21st of September, issued orders that the whole court should assemble in the presence of the apartment of the throne. The lovely princess, habited as a bride, and attended by her sisters; the grand-dukes and their consorts, with their attendant ladies and nobles; the Grand-Duke Paul, the father of the bride, with

her lovely mother, the Grand-Duchess Mary, were assembled by seven o'clock in the evening. The empress next arrived in all her pomp and splendour. No one was absent but him whom it was justly supposed would have been one of the first, and whose tardiness created a sensation not to be described among the expecting circle. The eyes of every individual seemed involuntarily to turn towards the entrance of the apartment. The repeated exits and entrances of the minister Zuboff, and the impatience which flashed in the eyes and glowed on the cheek of the empress, at length excited the keenest curiosity, and the whispered astonishment of the circle. "What is the matter?" inquired one. "Is the king taken ill?" asked another. "He is not very gallant, however," remarked a third. "How does he dare thus to make the sovereign wait in the apartment of her very throne, and with her assembled court?" indignantly exclaimed many. But surmises, remarks, and resentment were alike useless; the king came not! And we proceed to assign a reason for this apparent breach of gallantry, courtesy, and manliness. Gustavus greatly anticipated and fully intended to be at

court by seven in the evening, as appointed. At six the minister Markoff waited upon him with the contract and articles of alliance, which he had just drawn up with his colleague Zuboff. Gustavus, having perused them with fixed attention, appeared struck with astonishment to find them containing particulars* on which he had not agreed with the empress; and immediately inquired, whether it were from *her* that they were brought him to sign? Upon the question of the agitated Gustavus, Markoff replied, that the empress *had* sent him. The king paused, in evident distress; but at length firmly replied, those were articles with which he could by no means comply, observing at the same time, with manly candour, that he would be far from laying the conscience of the princess under any restraint; that she was at liberty to profess her own religion in private, but that he could not allow her either a chapel or priests in the palace; but, on the contrary, in public, and in all outward ceremo-

* The articles alluded to were, that the princess should have her private chapel and clergy in the royal palace; besides other engagements, into which the Swedes were to enter against France, &c.

nies, she must conform to the religion of the country, the queen of which he fondly hoped she would become. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Markoff, at the refusal of the king to affix his signature to deeds, to which not the smallest objection was anticipated. He quitted the heroic Gustavus in agitation, and with precipitation. He soon after returned, to announce that the empress was even then in her apartment of the throne, surrounded by her court; that he had found it impossible to obtain an audience with her, that she waited eagerly for his majesty, and he could not but flatter himself that the monarch would not insult his sovereign, the young princess, and the whole empire, by persisting in his rejection of the articles, and thus bring the affair to an open rupture. Many nobles of the Russian court urged the same; each exhorting, threatening, and praying the young monarch to yield his resolution: but he continued inflexible, although the Swedes in attendance were disposed to submit. The regent contented himself by simply saying, the affair, as closely affecting the king, depended entirely upon him for decision. It is probable, that this

very confidence in his strength, to act up to the principle of a monarch, and to sacrifice his dearest personal interests to the good or rather the consistency of his people, upheld the resolution of the enamoured Gustavus; for when the regent drew him aside, and seemed even to press him to yield, Gustavus said aloud, and with energy, "No, no; I cannot, I will not; I will never sign them."

He firmly withstood all remonstrances and persuasions; and at length, wearied with the arguments and importunities of the Russian ministers, abruptly retired to his apartment, after having peremptorily assured them, he would never affix his name to any thing inconsistent with the laws of his country, which he was bound by every thing sacred to preserve inviolate. The Russian ministers retired in astonishment, at the audacity of a mere boy, who thus dared to meet the anger, and to resist the will of their empress; and in the utmost perplexity, how best to break the matter to her, which thus levelled with the dust all her aspiring hopes.

This long conference of Catharine's ministers with the young king was protracted until

near ten o'clock; and the expectation, the surmises, the suspense of the court circle during the tedious interval, may better be imagined than described. At length, it became necessary to inform the empress and her court, that the negotiation was broken off. Prince Zuboff took upon himself the delicate and unpleasant task; he advanced cautiously to the empress, and whispered in her ear. She arose in apparent agitation, attempted to speak, but her voice refused to obey her will; tottered, as if going to faint, and suffered extreme agitation. Having recovered from her temporary indisposition, the cause of which none dare inquire, she withdrew from the splendid apartment, and the court was immediately dismissed, under a pretence of a sudden indisposition of the king. However the truth soon transpired. Every one of course made known their opinion; some felt and expressed themselves indignant at the pride and audacity of a petty king; others secretly blamed the imprudence of the "mother of her people," who had so foolishly exposed herself; but all agreed in reprobating the presumption of the ministers, who

had attempted to impose on the Swedish monarch by their artifices, in procuring a contract of marriage to be signed without being read,—a folly as egregious as the motive was base.

It would have been well if the instigators and the actors in this farce of deception had been the only sufferers in its *denouement*; but the most interesting victim was the innocent and amiable Alexandra. She had retained scarcely strength, after the tumults of this agonizing evening, to enter her apartment. When at length arrived there, tears, which she had almost by convulsive effort restrained, burst forth in agony, and for a time relieved her bursting heart; her grief, although it assumed a calmer character, became more deep and silent, and the gentle Alexandra sunk beneath its violence even to illness. A day or two after this memorable event, a ball was announced at court, in honour of the birthday of the Archduchess Anna, consort of Constantine and sister to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg: but the court was too depressed to enjoy it. Gustavus, however, did violence to his feelings, and attended. The

empress also made her appearance for a few minutes, but did not speak to him. Embarrassment was visible in the deportment and countenances of all. Alexandra was incapacitated by illness from being present. Gustavus danced with the other princesses, conversed a few moments with the Grand-Duke Alexander, and retired early, saluting every person with the most marked and easy politeness. This was his last appearance at the Russian court.

The gaiety, festivity, and endless routine of pleasure which had marked each hour of the first arrival of the young monarch, were now changed into retirement, gloom, and irksome ceremony. Every thing seemed suddenly to have assumed a melancholy and unpleasing aspect. The interest which the lovers had inspired in every one who had seen how worthy they were of each other, had softened every heart at the cruel reverse of their lot. *She* was profoundly pitied as the victim of ambitious folly and finesse, and *he* for the sacrifice his principles had obliged him to make. The ministers were execrated, and the chagrin of the empress was not much pitied. Endeavours

were made to bring things in train once more: Gustavus even granted the empress an interview upon the subject, and the ministers held very frequent conferences. But Gustavus finally put a stop to the business, by firmly declaring, that as he could not grant what Catharine demanded, consistently with the laws he had bound himself to maintain, he would refer the affair to the estates of his kingdom, that would be assembled on his attaining his majority; and if those estates should consent to have a queen professing and openly following the Greek mode of faith, he would then ratify the engagement which his heart had formed with the princess. This reference to the estates but ill-suited the Russian despotism; fired with indignation and contempt, they endeavoured to excite Gustavus to set the estates at defiance, and even offered him forces necessary to punish them, in case they revolted from his will. They assailed, however, the firm mind of Gustavus in vain; he shrunk not from the trial, at least openly. But kings and potentates have feelings in common with other men; and who shall say, that the contending struggles of his soul, between his duty as a monarch, and his love

as a man for an object so excelling, laid not the foundation of that eccentricity of conduct which has marked this extraordinary man?

Such was the result of this long-desired journey to St. Petersburg; and such the termination of a scheme, by which Catharine proposed to sway the councils of Sweden, and to become the arbiter of its destiny. Gustavus quitted her capital one week after the breach, leaving the nearly heart-broken Alexandra to lament the catastrophe of her blighted love; and followed by the general regret and esteem of those, who had opportunities of witnessing his many estimable qualities. It is well known that he afterwards married the beautiful Frederica of Baden, sister to the Grand-Duchess Elizabeth, consort of the Archduke Alexander, now Emperor of Russia; and that, notwithstanding the virtues and charms of his queen, he was not happy. The vicissitudes which have marked his subsequent life come not within the compass of these sketches, but give high interest to the period of history in which they have occurred, and offer another, added to ten thousand similar proofs, that elevation of rank does but expose a man to more acute and various suffering, by

obliging him to the most painful self-sacrifices and restraints, imposed by political finesse and propriety. In the midst of splendid apartments, surrounded with every thing that can fascinate the eye or charm the senses, how often does the heart throb with painful anxieties. In the midst of a people, who look up to them as the arbiters of their destiny and the controllers of their will, how often do the hearts of monarchs feel that they are the slaves of unmeaning pomp, and the least free of the multitudes they witness endeavouring to catch their favoring smile. Though golden the chains that bind them, yet they are not the less chains or less painful. What are the riches of the world, unless affection also enliven the scene?

Alas! a lot so brilliant and contended for as the empire over others, too often proves to the individual who possesses it, a title which is to exclude him from tranquillity, and close from him the avenues of happiness.



1

NOTES

IN ILLUSTRATION OF

SOME OF THE PRECEDING MEMOIRS.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

AT the battle of Agincourt, Henry the Fifth harangued his army in the following terms :

“ Dear and brave Companions,

“ The hour is come when you must fight, not for glory and renown, but for life ; the present plans, and the cruelty of the French are known. It is certain, that, if through fear or cowardice, you suffer yourselves to be conquered, they will not spare one of you, but devour you like a flock of sheep. This bad fortune will not be mine, nor that of the princes of my family, because under the hopes of drawing from us a heavy ransom, the enemy will be much more careful to preserve, than to destroy us. But for you there is no resource, but in your courage ; and you cannot flatter yourselves, that the hope of profit will induce to spare your lives a nation which bears you the

most inveterate hatred. If then you prefer life to death, recollect, like heroes, the race from which you spring, the glory and renown which the English have acquired in war; and fight like valiant and courageous men, for the preservation of your lives."

MONTROSE.

THE tergiversation of Montrose being suspected by the covenanters, one morning he found affixed to his chamber door a label, bearing the significant words

"In victus armis, verbis vincitur."

Hitherto unconquered by force of arms, he is at length reduced by mere words.

Guthrie's Memoirs in Const.

This allusion referred to the change of sentiment produced on the mind of Montrose by his interview with the king, to whose cause he attached himself, by the prospect held out to him, of thus becoming the head of the loyal party about to be formed in Scotland. Ambition was the ruling passion of Montrose, and this had so many checks in the party he had in the first instance espoused, as to disgust and disappoint him. Better feelings also mingled with this commanding sentiment.

Armed with the royal commission, and raised to the rank of marquis, Montrose left Oxford, and entered Scotland on the 13th of April, 1644, attended only by about one hundred cavaliers, chiefly his personal friends, and a small band of militia.

Montrose effected many of his successes by that readiness of improving trivial circumstances, which so peculiarly indicates a master mind. Thus at the battle of Tippermuir, where the chances were so great against him, he commanded his Irish auxiliaries who had but one shot apiece, to reserve it till they were at the very muzzles of the enemy, and then fire it instantaneously,—the first rank kneeling, the second stooping, and the third standing, that the strongest impression possible might be made at once. To a great body of Highlanders, for whom he had no weapons at all, he gave similar orders: “Gentlemen,” said he, “it is true you have no arms, your enemies, however, to all appearance have plenty. My advice, therefore, is, that as there happens to be a great abundance of stones upon this moor, every man should provide himself in the first place with as stout a one as he can well manage, rush up to the first covenantanter he meets, beat out his brains, take his sword,—and then, I believe, he will be at no loss how to proceed.” These orders, which in any other circumstances, or to any other description of soldiers, would have been esteemed as only ridiculous, were

received by the men to whom they were addressed with expressions of the utmost satisfaction, and there appeared throughout the whole army an eagerness to engage and a confidence of success, which seemed likely to beget the very conclusion it anticipated; and was accomplished.

At the battle of Tyvie, a similar appeal effected a similar end. Montrose's men were almost at the point of despair, and disposed either to fly from or yield to the force of Argyll, when "the great Marquis," as he was emphatically styled, suddenly revived their courage by one of those apposite addresses peculiar to generals of his class. Reminding them of past successes and their superiority over the enemy, he called to a colonel of the Irish, whom he knew to be gallant and dauntless, "O'Kean, take down your men with you, and beat me those fellows out of the ditches they have taken possession of, so that we may be no more troubled with them." O'Kean hesitated not, and effected the important service. In the rencounter, a few bags of gunpowder were seized. "I am only sorry," remarked one of the soldiers, as he returned with this trophy to the top of the hill, "that the fellows were so niggardly as to leave us no ball with their powder; but I suppose we will not get a supply of that article from them without another bout."

At the battle of Kilsythe, a party of Montrose's

gallant army having placed themselves incautiously in great peril, Montrose prevented the fatal consequences which threatened, by a stroke of military policy, as admirable as it proved successful. Riding up to his faithful counsellor and friend, the Earl of Airly, who was standing at the head of his family troop, he exclaimed, " You see, my lord, into what a hose-net those poor fellows have got themselves, by their ill-advised daring. They must certainly be trampled in the dirt by the enemy's horse, if not speedily relieved : I venture to apply to your lordship for this purpose, because the eyes of all the officers are fixed upon you, as alone worthy of such a piece of precedency ; and because it seems proper, that an error which has been committed by the foolhardiness of youth, should be corrected by the veteran discretion and considerate valour of so venerable a warrior as your lordship. Forward, in the name of God ! and show those mad lads, that, clever as they think themselves, they may still be beholden occasionally to older men than themselves." Lord Airly, without a moment's hesitation, set off with his squadron of Ogilvies ; and with such spirit made the charge, that the covenanters instantly gave way, and fortune again inclined to the royalists.

When Montrose returned into Scotland, after the death of his royal master, on his banner was represented the figure of the late king, with his head

separated from his body, and the inscription, "Judge, and defend my cause, O Lord!" On this illustrious soldier being cited to attend parliament, he rose early, and dressed himself in a fine suit, which he had ordered to be prepared for him after arriving at Edinburgh. This suit consisted, according to the minute annalist of the time, in a scarlet rochet or coat, trimmed with silver galouns, lined with crimson taffeta, and reaching to his knees; a set of pure black underclothes, richly overlaid with lace; a beaver hat with a rich silver band; carnation-coloured silk stockings, with garters, and roses for his shoes. On the day of his execution, he was habited more sumptuously. Besides his coat of scarlet, his underclothes of black velvet, his carnation-coloured stockings, and shoes with roses, he now wore a splendid cloak of the same colour as his coat, laid over with the richest silver lace and trimmed with gold. Upon his hands he had a pair of delicate white gloves; in one he carried his hat, round which there was an extremely rich band of gold. "He had," to use the words of Nickel the diarist, "sarkes (shirts) provided for him, with pearlings about, above ten pound an ell, and also ane prettie cassick to put on him when he reached the scaffold; all which were provided for him by his friends."

He concluded an impressive address, to the people who immediately surrounded him, with the following

sentence: "I leave my soul to God; my service to my prince, my good-will to my friends, and my name in charity to you all. I might say more, but this is enough to exonerate my conscience. The rest I leave to the mercy of God."

The interesting work from which we have extracted these notes (viz. Constable's Miscellany, vol. 32, Rebellions, 1638--1660), contains also a poem copied from a MS. Collection of Scottish Poems, collected about the end of the 17th century, by Dr. David Gregory, Savilian professor at Oxford; and now in the possession of John Gregory, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh. It is highly characteristic of the writer.

Montrose on his own condition.

I would be high, but that the cedar tree
Is bluster'd down, while smaller shrubs go free.
I would be low, but that the lowly grass
Is tramp'd down by each unworthy ass.
For to be high, my means they will not doe;
And to be low, my mind it will not bow.
O Heavens! O Fate! when will you once agree
To reconcile my means, my mind, and me?

Lady Napier, the wife of his near relation and dear friend, by dint of a large sum of money, procured his heart, which she enshrined in an urn, and kept by her as a mournful memorial of affection and respect. There is a portrait of her ladyship in the possession

of her descendant, the present Lord Napier, where she is represented with this interesting object by her side.—See note in Mr. Sharpe's edition of Kirkton's Church History, quoted in Constable's Miscellany, vol. 32.

SOPHIA OF WOLFENBUTTEL ;

Or, the Unfortunate Princess.

THE despotic severity which sullied the character of the great Czar Peter the First, was forcibly manifested towards his son Alexius, the only child he had by his first marriage. Ignorant, rude, and ferocious, the czarovitz lived an abandoned life; and Peter thinking he discovered an inclination in his unworthy son to obstruct his plans of civilization, made him sign, in 1718, a solemn renunciation of his right to the crown; and lest the deed should not prove sufficient to exclude Alexius from the succession, Peter assembled an extraordinary court, consisting of the principal nobility and clergy, who condemned the unhappy, weak, and dissolute prince, to suffer death, but without prescribing the manner in which it was to be inflicted.—The fatal event, however, did take place, and suddenly ! Alexius was seized with violent con-

vulsions, and expired soon after the dreadful sentence was announced to him; but whether in consequence of the surprise and passion occasioned by the intelligence, or by other means, remains a mystery. Candour obliges us not to accuse Peter, without proof, as instigating or conniving at the death of his own first-born son; but truth also obliges us to add, that he then had by his beloved Catharine an infant son, who bore his own name, and whom he intended to make his successor. That it was not till subsequent to the birth of this son, that the prosecution of Alexius took place, although he had before threatened to disinherit him, when he had a prospect of issue by Catharine, his first letter to the unhappy Alexius on the subject sufficiently confirms, as it is only dated a few days previous to the birth of the infant Peter. In it he certainly speaks plainly. "I am determined at last," he writes, "to signify to you my final purpose; willing, however, to defer the execution of it for a time, to see if you will reform; if not, know that I am resolved to deprive you of the succession, as I would lop off an useless branch." And, in his public declaration, he remarks, "We cannot, in conscience, leave him, after us, the succession to the throne of Russia, foreseeing, that by his vicious courses he would entirely *destroy* the *glory* of our *nation*, and the *safety* of our dominions; which, through God's assistance, we have *acquired* and *established* by *incessant*

application, causing our people to be *instructed* in all sorts of civil and military sciences."

These reasons are sufficient to justify Peter in disinheriting his son, but surely not for putting him to death; for, however unfitted for the government of a great empire, Alexius was convicted of no crime to warrant so severe a penalty; the principal crime of which he was convicted (for the ill-fated czarovitz was examined even as to his private thoughts), was, that of having *wished* for the death of his severe father.

Another crime charged upon him was, his having taken shelter from the despotic violence of his father in the imperial dominions, "raising against us," says Peter, in his declaration, "his father and lord, numberless calumnies and false reports, as if we did persecute him; and that even his life was not safe, if he continued with us." If such were in reality the fears of Alexius, the event justified his apprehensions; for when drawn from the asylum he had sought by a promise of pardon, he was first disinherited, and afterwards condemned to suffer death.

This fate was soon followed by the death of the infant Peter; whom the czar, on the renunciation of Alexius, had commanded his subjects to acknowledge, as lawful heir of the crown, "by oath, before the holy altar, upon the holy gospels, kissing the cross."

History of the Russian Empire.

VICTOR AMADEUS;

Or, The Abdicated Monarch.

Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, afterwards King of Sardinia, is thus described by Lord Galway, ambassador of William the Third to the court of Savoy, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, "You know, my lord, that the Duke of Savoy is a prince of great application to war and politics, very penetrating and very difficult to be *penetrated*. He is a prince who wishes to be master; and nothing pleases him like the command of a large army, and many troops at his disposal."

The luminous historian, Mr. Cox, thus names the same prince: "Placed between two mighty powers (France and Austria), he not only owed his existence to their mutual jealousies, but was convinced that his hope of aggrandizement rested on their divisions, by throwing his weight into the scale of either party from which he could derive the most splendid advantages. His character was well adapted to his peculiar situation. He was in the prime of youth and vigour, gifted no less with bodily activity than mental talents, and possessing, in an eminent degree, that profound discernment and dissimulation which had raised his ancestors above the ordinary race of Italian princes.

"Though married to a French princess, Anna

Maria, daughter of Philip, Duke of Orleans, he had long anxiously wished for an opportunity to shake off the bondage of France; and this opportunity occurred in the war which spread all over Europe, in consequence of the revolution in England, which placed William, Prince of Orange, on the British throne."

REMARK.—The result of things sufficiently proved, that the intrigues of the duke were successfully exercised towards England, which rested upon his faithful co-operation; and, indeed, many concessions were made by the government to win and ensure his fidelity, under circumstances so peculiarly important at that crisis. With that artful policy, however, which was his characteristic, the Duke of Savoy, while secretly caballing with France, endeavoured to extort the government of the Milanese and pecuniary contributions from Spain, at the very time infusing a suspicion, that the court of Madrid was treating with France for a separate peace; and it is certainly a proof of the deep and refined art of his character, that he was able to do this without awakening the suspicions of the frank and honest Lord Galway; and still more so, that he should elude the penetrating political acumen of William, who appears from his correspondence with his minister, equally to have confided in the sincerity of the wily duke.

During the campaign of 1696, when the extensive preparations of France for a descent on the English

coast, and the intrigues of the Jacobites to obtain a counter-revolution, obliged William to recall his fleet from the mediterranean, the subtle Duke of Savoy was unable to concert further intrigues to effect his wished-for object of defection from the allies, without, as he had hoped to do, injuring his interest with them by his secession.

With consummate policy he matured his schemes, and procured from France consent to his terms. He then resorted to a new and refined artifice to ensure the accomplishment of his purposes, by removing himself from the vigilance of the English commander and ambassador. He repaired to Loretto, under the pretence of fulfilling a religious vow, but in fact to conclude the preliminary treaty, the terms of which he had previously settled. At Loretto, he met a French agent, under the disguise of a friar, and with him a series of preliminaries was settled. The terms indeed exceeded even his most sanguine expectations; for Louis felt no sacrifice too great to detach an enemy who diverted fifty thousand of his best troops, and whose defection he was well aware would spread jealousy through the grand alliance.

The duke was to obtain restitution of all his towns and territories conquered by France. The cession of Pignerol raised him to the honours of a crowned head; and, above all, his pride was flattered by the arrangement of a future marriage between his eldest

daughter and the Duke of Burgundy, lineal heir of the French monarchy. Exulting secretly in the result of his machinations, Victor returned to Turin, after an absence of fifteen days, and carried forward that system of art and dissimulation, which was necessary to effect his perfect freedom from his connection with the allies, without exposing his person and his territories to their indignant vengeance. His public defection rendered the campaign of 1696 memorable; and "It is," says Mr. Cox, "curious to observe the gradual development of the profound plot, which he had been so long maturing, and the singular fertility of resources which he evinced, in devising pleas of obstructing the military operations, while he testified the greatest alarm at the threatened devastation of his country. The partial confessions which he affected to make of his negotiations with the nuncio and French generals, are specimens of that dissimulation which the Italians considered as the essence of political science." Whilst his negotiations with the French minister assumed a distinct and consistent shape, and he was acceding to all the terms, he, at the same time, redoubled his asseverations of attachment to the allies.

He then sent a pathetic letter to the emperor, stating his deplorable situation, lamenting the fatal necessity which had reduced him to accept the offers of France, and artfully insinuating, that it would

ultimately conduce to the good of the empire, as well as be advantageous to himself. This apology, as might be expected from such a character, so lost to moral obligation, was couched in the most servile terms of devotion to the emperor, and concluded with a solemn declaration of gratitude; which, however, was as empty as servile, and even negatived in a letter addressed to the pope on the following day.

His conduct towards William was, perhaps, yet more revolting. With the cupidity which seems to have shared his heart with the love of power, he made a demand, or insidious effort to obtain the arrears of his subsidy from the maritime powers. Before, however, he received a reply to his application, he threw off the mask, and avowed the conclusion of a treaty, which under the specious name of a neutrality, bound him not only to quit the allies, but to assist France in the conquest of the Milanese, should they refuse to abandon Italy. The veil which had blinded the eyes of the British general was thus abruptly withdrawn, and he was enabled by reflection to retrace the long train of duplicity practised against his honest and noble nature. The treaty of the duke with France was not to be acknowledged publicly till the end of September, that he might have sufficient time to announce his secession to the allies; but he immediately (*viz.* in Aug.) proceeded to act in conformity to his new engagement, and on the 16th of

September, the day when the contract of the marriage of his daughter and the Duc de Burgundy was signed, a junction took place between the armies of France and Savoy; the duke assumed the command, and, at the head of nearly fifty thousand men, entered the Milanese, to besiege Valenza. Thus betrayed by their ally, and menaced by a superior force, the confederates availed themselves of the interval employed in the siege of Valenza, to accede to the proposed neutrality by a convention, of which the articles were :

A neutrality in Italy, and suspension of arms until the conclusion of a general peace; the Spaniards to take up their quarters in the Milanese; and the French, the imperialists, and foreign auxiliaries were respectively to withdraw from Italy.

William, as might naturally be supposed, was deeply mortified by the base and contemptuous treatment which he experienced from his former ally; for his name was purposely omitted in all the diplomatic correspondence relating to this transaction, and he was not distinguished by a written apology for the desertion of the Duke of Savoy, which had been made even to the Elector of Brandenburg, and Duke of Bavaria. A prince of such lofty sentiments as William, could not fail to feel indignant at this unworthy treatment; he therefore received the communication from the minister of Savoy with silent contempt, and directed Lord Galway to remonstrate with the duke in

such terms as his ingratitude and duplicity merited. The consequences of the neutrality produced by the base defection of the Duke of Savoy were soon, and deeply felt. The retreat of the allies from Italy relieved the enemy from the charge of defending the south-eastern frontier, and liberated an army of fifty thousand men, to swell the French ranks in Flanders, and to accelerate the conquest of Catalonia. Louis exulted in his profound and successful policy. He announced his gratification, by causing a medal to be struck, allegorically figuring the conclusion and consequence of the treaty:—on one side was Minerva, bearing a javelin in one hand and an olive branch in the other; with an *Ægis* at her feet; near was Hymen, sitting with a lighted torch, and leaning on a shield bearing the united arms of France and Savoy. The motto was, “Minerva pacified;” and the exergue bore the inscription, “Pax Sabandiæ, 1696.”

THE HIGHLAND HERO.

Simon Fraser, afterwards Lord Lovat, who fifty years subsequent to this period lost his head on Tower-hill, for his adherence to the house of Stuart, was the person, then a youth, and a cadet of the Lovat family, who managed this singular revolt. (*Dalrymple's Memoirs.*)

Lord Lovat was born with insinuating talents, and exerted his whole force upon mankind through that ever easy channel, their vanity. Destitute of moral principle, and despising veracity as a useless quality, he accommodated his actions to his immediate interests, and his words in the deceitful purpose of drawing the credulous into his views; and although his address was uncouth, his personal appearance forbidding, and his flattery too gross to escape the observation even of the weak and vain, yet he had the art of so applying it, that it could not be resisted entirely, even by men of the most moderate tempers and the soundest understandings. Though his projects were formed without judgment, he was bold and fearless in the execution of them; of which he gave many lawless examples.

Obliged to abandon his country, on account of an outrage of the most heinous nature, he was declared a rebel and an outlaw; but he found means to obtain the pardon of King William, to ingratiate himself with the court at St. Germain's, by becoming a catholic, that passport to the favour and confidence of James, and was employed by the court of France in attempting to raise a rebellion in Scotland in 1703. For this purpose he was furnished with proper credentials by the Pretender; but instead of making use of these for the restoration of the royal family, he discovered the whole plot to the English government,

and returned to France, in order to procure more corroborative proofs of the guilt of the principal conspirators. His treachery being discovered, he was thrown into the Bastile, where he remained some months, and must have suffered the punishment justly due to his baseness and crimes, but for his consummate dissimulation. He had the address to make it believed, that all he had done was actually for the interest of the Pretender; and, on his return to England, his sufferings in France recommended him not only to the decided protection, but the distinguished favour of government. In 1715, he was highly serviceable to the house of Hanover, by assisting in the suppression of the rebellion; and becoming afterwards a personal favorite of George the First, he was nobly rewarded for his loyalty. He even formed a scheme of erecting himself into a sort of viceroy of the Highlands; pretending, that if he had the distribution of twenty-five thousand pounds annually, among the heads of the clans, he could effectually prevent all their future insurrections, and insensibly but surely draw them into the interests of the reigning family. Disappointed, however, in his daring designs and ambitious hopes, and otherwise disgusted with the established government, he again relapsed into Jacobitism; and concluding that the Pretender would be supported by a powerful foreign force, he was at no trouble to conceal his change of political principles.

But when Charles landed naked and unattended, Lovat, with a baseness consistent with his general character, refused to join him, although he had accepted the appointment of Lord-Lieutenant of the counties north of the Spey. Yet was he industrious and active in arming his clan; in order, as it is supposed, to procure a pardon for his treasonous speeches and practices, by throwing his interest into the scale of government, if the unexpected success of the Pretender had not induced him to take part in the rebellion. (*See Stuart Papers, &c.*)

When taken, having vainly exerted all the powers of his mind, so fruitful in expedient, to save *his* life, he avowed his principles, and died not only with composure, but dignity; feeling the edge of the axe, surveying the crowd, and exclaiming, in a seeming triumph,—

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!”

“’Tis great, ’tis noble, thrones usurp’d to shake,
And sweet to die for our dear country’s sake.”

A sentiment extraordinary from a man who seems to have lived ignorant of the true spirit of patriotism; for he who violates every moral obligation, whose every thought referred to his own interest; could have little right to assume that character, which makes every personal consideration yield to the general good. And he who is unmindful of private virtue, must be his country’s foe.

When James the Second was at Rochester, previous to his retiring to France, the gallant Lord Dundee, in conjunction with Lords Arran Dumbarton, Ailesbury, Litchfield, and Middleton, argued for and against his resolution of quitting England. "The question, Sir," urged Dundee, with his characteristic ardour, "is whether you will stay in England, or fly to France? Whether you shall trust the returning zeal of your native subjects, or rely on a foreign power? Here you ought to stand: keep possession of a part, and the whole will by degrees submit. Resume the spirit of a king: summon your subjects to their allegiance; your army, though disbanded, is not annihilated; give me your commission, and I will collect ten thousand of your troops. I will carry your standard, at their head, through England, and drive before you the Dutch and their prince." The king replied, that, he believed, it might be done; but that it would occasion a civil war, and he would not do such mischief to a people who would soon return to their senses. (*McPherson's Original Papers.*)

In that scarce volume of Dalrymple's *Memoirs* (vol. ii. Appendix, p. 16), is inserted the epitaph, composed by Dr. Pitcairn, upon Lord Dundee:

"Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
 Libertas patriæ salvas fuisse tuæ:
 Te moriente, novas accepit Scotia cives,
 Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.

Illa tibi super esse negat, tu non potes illi :
 Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale.
 Tuque vale, gentis prisca fortissimo ductor,
 Ultimo Scotorum, atque ultime Græcæ, vale."

GUSTAVUS.

GUSTAVUS the Fourth was generally allowed to be one of the most promising youths of his age. He made an early proficiency in the several branches of knowledge, suitable to the high station he was destined to fill.

The mode of his education was judicious, and his tutors well chosen; he was taught rather by conversation than by books. He was early led to think himself as belonging to the nation he was to govern, and accountable for his improvement of time to the representatives of that nation. He twice underwent a public examination of his progress, before the deputies of the four orders or estates, in which he acquitted himself so as to afford them the greatest satisfaction, and to reflect high honour on himself. The greatest care was taken not to weary him in the prosecution of his studies; but to vary them judiciously and agreeably, and to intermingle them

with amusements and recreations. He was also early accustomed to the pomp and constraint that propriety and policy attaches to majesty, in order that he might with ease conform himself to them, and feel, that although they make not a man noble or great, yet they are becoming and necessary accompaniments of royalty.

THE END.

Swinborne, Walter, and Taylor,
Colchester.



